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OLIVER JOHNSON, PRINTER.

The Standard.

From the Philanthropist.

THE COMPROMISES OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Colonel Hamilton, in the Federal Convention of 1787, while advocating a proportional representation against those who supported the claim of the States to equality of suffrage, remarked that "Bad principles in a government, though slow, are sure in their operation, and will finally destroy it;" meaning, of course, bad *fundamental* principles. At another time, Judge Wilson observed, that "an inequality in it, (the representation,) has ever been a poison, contaminating every branch of the government."

These are sound, practical maxims, and their truth has been most forcibly evinced by the history of our government. Strenuous as were these gentlemen, in opposing a vicious principle so far as the suffrage of the States was concerned, they consented to the clause of the Constitution which at once creates a gross inequality in the rights of the people of the Union, and involves the principle of property-representation. The third clause of the second section, first article of the Constitution, recognizes three fifths of the slave population as a part of the basis of representation; in other words, confers on the slaveholder the privilege of being represented for a peculiar species of his property, according to a certain ratio. The evil of this provision is three fold.

1st. It violates the fundamental principle of democracy—the equality of men in natural rights, from which follows, under a representative democracy, the equality of men in political rights. The theory of a democracy is, that all the subjects of it have an equal voice in the enactment of the laws. The theory of a representative democracy, or republican government, is, that all its subjects have a equal voice in the choice of the law-makers and law executors. To confer two votes on the merchant, while the laborer has but one, would be to violate the democratic principle, and create a privileged order. To secure the manufacturer not only his own vote, but the privilege of casting additional ones, in proportion to the number of his workmen; while the farmer is confined to one vote, would be to degrade the latter, and exalt the former to a superior caste. These examples make the injustice of the inequitable principle in representation so manifest, that the most insensible and unreflecting must feel revolted by it. And yet, the same principle which appears so offensive in these supposed cases, is the very principle which has been incorporated into our Federal Constitution. While the farmer, the manufacturer, the merchant, the laborer of the North each has but one vote, and thus are all placed on a equality, the slaveholder of the South has one vote for himself, and votes additional, in proportion to the number of his slaves. In other words, if he has five slaves, he has four votes, while, the manufacturer a the North who may employ a hundred hands, ha but one vote. It matters nothing that the privilege thus secured to the slaveholder, is rather *collective* than *individual*—that is, belonging to the mass instead of the person. The effect is the same—the great principle of equality is violated, and slaveholders are constituted a superior caste, in a republic professedly based on equality.

The second evil of this provision is, that it proffers honor, and holds out a premium to an act, which i an enormous violation of every principle of just government and common humanity; and a flagrant outrage on the doctrines of the Declaration of Independence. That is, it makes *slaveholding* honorable, and a source of political consequence.

The third evil is, that it gives strength and activity to an interest, which is the antagonist of free labor, and is therefore hostile to the Union. We do not say, that this peculiarity of representation adds to the *strength of the South*, absolutely; for were all the slaves turned into freemen, the absolute political power of the slave States would be augmented: but, it gives immense strength to a *particular interest*, and enables it to *oppress* and *impair other interests*. The free States have really a superiority of political power, but it is rendered of no avail against the South, by the fact, that in the former the suffrage is more diffused, and there are numerous interests, of almost equal importance, to be represented. We have first, the two great divisions, the employers and employed—capitalists and laborers, all represented according to the true democratic principle. Then we have the commercial, the manufacturing and farming classes, all represented according to the same principle. This very division of the free States into numerous interests, of equal importance, combined with the diffusion of the right of suffrage in them, is the reason why, though absolutely superior in political power to the slave States, relatively they are inferior. For, in the South, while the community is divided into two great classes, the employers, and the employed, the capitalists and the laborers, it is the former class alone which enjoys a political power—in other words, political power is concentrated in it. Besides, there is not the same division of interests there in other respects, for the agricultural, landed, planting interest, swallows up all others. It is easy to see how, from natural causes, without any forced or extra advantages, the South, under such circumstances, though inferior to the North as it regards the *absolute* amount of political power, might relatively be equal, if not superior, because suffrage is concentrated in the hands of a few, who, from the smallness of their number, and identity of their interests, can always unite upon any great measure. Now, add to the peculiar advantages of these few, a property-representation—that is, give them votes in proportion to the amount of that property which is their great interest, and you at once see how vast the augmentation of their power. By uniting with any one of the parties into which the North must always be divided, on account of the multiplicity of important interests, they will in process of time secure the actual political power of the Union to themselves.—In other words—and this is what we want the reader to understand clearly—slavery will become almost necessarily the supreme interest of the Government.

And now, we ask, has not this theory been abundantly verified by the facts? Does not the history of our government, from the time when the South compelled Congress to take land instead of population for the standard of wealth, down to the election of General Harrison as President, establish its truth? Is not every one now prepared to say, that so far from violating the true principles of a representative democracy, for the sake of conferring additional political power on an interest already so dangerous from intrinsic causes; our fathers ought not for a moment, to have tolerated its existence? Is it not a fair presumption, that no provision of the kind alluded to would have been admitted, had it not been under the impression, then so prevalent, that slavery would soon be extinguished, and thus cease to be a source of perilous and discordant power in a Union of freemen?

As this clause of the Constitution, from the effects which have followed its operation, has become a subject of vast importance, we have thought that its history might be of interest to our readers. For our information on this point, as on the infamous compromise with regard to slave importation, we are indebted to the Madison Papers.

We shall also group together several matters not directly bearing upon the clause itself, that we may learn wisdom by the errors of the wise. The first quotation for example, we shall make, contains an account of a debate in the Congress of 1776, on an article on the original draught of the articles of confederation, relating to the apportionment of quotas of expenses &c., among the several colonies. The article provided that these "should be in proportion to the number of inhabitants of every age, sex and quality, except Indians not paying taxes, in each colony." Assuming that population is the best standard of wealth, this was undoubtedly as fair a provision as could be devised. But it was not relished by the South, who thought there should be an exception in the case of slaves. With the same reason, the North might have claimed that in rating its quotas, Congress should have excepted its laboring population. But to the debate. It was the beginning of difficulties—perhaps the first striking exhibition of those conflicting ideas and interests, which have grown out of the existence of slavery in this country.

RATES OF TAXATION.

Mr. Chase moved that the quotas should be paid, not by the number of inhabitants of every condition, but by that of the 'white inhabitants.' He admitted that taxation should be always in proportion to property; that his was in theory the true rule, but that from a variety of difficulties, it could never be adopted in practice.—The value of property in every State could never be estimated justly and equally. Some other measure for the wealth of the State must therefore be devised, some standard referred to which would be more simple. He considered the number of inhabitants as a tolerable good criterion of property; and that this might always be obtained. He therefore thought it the best mode we could adopt, with one exception, only. He observed that negroes are property, and as such cannot be distinguished from the lands or personalities held in those States where there are few slaves. That the surplus of profit which a northern farmer is able to lay by, he invests in cattle, horses, &c.; whereas, a southern farmer lays out the same surplus in slaves. There is no more reason, therefore, for taxing the southern States on the farmer's head and on his slave's head, than the northern ones, on their farmers' heads, and heads of their cattle. That the method proposed would therefore tax the southern States according to their numbers and their wealth, consequently, while the northern would be taxed on numbers only; that negroes in fact should not be considered as members of the State, more than cattle, and that they have no more interest in it.

Mr. John Adams observed, that the number of people were taken by this article, as an index of the wealth of the State, and not as subjects of taxation. That as to his matter, it was of no consequence which name you called your people, whether by that of freemen or slaves. That in some countries the laboring poor were called freemen, in others they were called slaves; but that the difference as to the State was imaginary only. What matters it whether a landlord, employing ten laborers on his farm, gives them annually as much money as will buy them the necessaries of life, or gives them those necessaries at short hand? The laborers add as much wealth annually to the State, increase exports as much in the one case as the other. Certainly five hundred freemen produce no more profits, no greater surplus for the payment of taxes, than five hundred slaves. Therefore the State in which are the laborers called freemen should be taxed no more than that in which are those called slaves. Suppose by any extraordinary operation of nature or law, one half of the laborers of a State could in the course of one night be transformed into slaves—would the State be made the poorer, or the less able to pay taxes? That the condition of the laboring poor in most countries,—that of the fishermen, particularly, of the northern States, is as abject as that of the slaves. It is the number of laborers which produces the surplus for taxation; and numbers therefore in discriminately, are the fair index of wealth. That it is the use of the word "property" here and its application to some of the people of the State, which produce this fallacy. How does the southern farmer procure slaves? Either by importation or purchase from his neighbor. If he imports a slave, he adds one to the number of laborers in his country, and proportionably to its profits and ability to pay taxes; if he buys from his neighbor, it is only the transfer of a laborer from one farm to another; which does not change the annual produce of the State, therefore should not change its tax; that if a northern farmer works ten laborers on his farm, he can, it is true, invest the surplus of ten men's labor in cattle; but so may the southern farmer working ten slaves. That a State of one hundred thousand freemen can maintain no more cattle than one of one hundred thousand slaves; therefore they have no more of that kind of property. That a slave may indeed from custom of speech, be more properly called the wealth of his master, than the free laborer might be called the wealth of his employer; but as to the State both were equally its wealth, and should therefore equally add to the quota of its tax.

[The general principles of Adams' speech are true enough; but it seems marvellous that a man of his sagacity should have rated the labor of a slave, at the same value as that of a free laborer.—However, such an assumption fell in with his interest just then, as a northern man.]

Mr. Harrison (of Virginia,) proposed as a compromise that two slaves should be counted as one freeman. He affirmed that slaves did not do as much work as free men, and doubted if two effected much more than one. That this was proved by the price of labor, the hire of a laborer in the southern colonies being from £8 to £12, while in the northern it was generally £24.

Mr. Wilson, (of Pennsylvania,) said that, if this amendment should take place, the southern colonies would have all the benefit of slaves, while the northern ones would have to bear the burthen. That slaves increase the profits of a State which southern States mean to take to themselves; that they also increase the burden of defense which would of course fall so much the heavier on the northern; that slaves occupy the places of freemen and eat their food. Dismiss your slaves, and freemen will take their places. It is our duty to lay every discouragement on the importation of slaves; but this amendment would give the *jus trium liberorum* to him who would import slaves. That other kinds of property were pretty equally distributed through all the colonies: there were as many cattle, horses, and sheep, in the North as the South, and South as the North; but not as to slaves; that experience has shown that those colonies have been always able to pay most, which have the most inhabitants, whether they be black or white; and the practice of the southern colonies has always been to make every farmer pay poll taxes upon his laborers, whether they be black or white. He acknowledged indeed that freemen work the most; but, they consume the most also. They do not produce a greater surplus for taxation. The slave is neither fed nor clothed so expensively as a freeman. Again the women are exempt from labor generally, which negro women are not. In this then the southern States have an advantage as the article now stands. It has sometimes been said that slavery was necessary, because the commodities they raise would be too dear for market if cultivated by freemen; but now it is said that the labor of the slave is the dearest.

Mr. Payne, (of Massachusetts,) urged the original resolution of Congress, to proportion the quotas of the State to the number of souls.

Dr. Witherspoon, (of New Jersey,) was of opinion that the value of lands and houses was the best estimate of the wealth of a nation, and that it was practicable to obtain such a valuation. This is the true barometer of wealth. The one now proposed is imperfect in itself, and unequal between the States. It has been objected that negroes eat the food of freemen, and therefore should be taxed; horses also eat the food of freemen, therefore they also should be taxed. It has been said, too, that in carrying slaves into the estimate of the taxes the State is to pay, we do no more than those States themselves do, who always take slaves into the estimate of the taxes the individual has to pay. But the cases are not parallel. In the southern colonies the slaves pervade the whole colony; but they do not pervade the whole continent. That as to the original resolution of Congress, it was temporary only, and related to the moneys to be emitted: that we are now entering into a new compact, and therefore stand on original ground.

[It is difficult to gather from this debate who were the real opinions of the gentleman engaged in it—so deeply involved were their interests in the question. It is easy to see, however, that the economical bearings of slave labor were not at that time generally understood.]

August 1st. The question being put, the amendment proposed was rejected by the votes of New-Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New-York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, against those of Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina. Georgia was divided.

[In this, perhaps the first struggle, the interests of free labor triumphed over those of slave labor.—But, within two years after, a new standard of taxable wealth was adopted—in acquiescence to the wishes of the South. For in the article of confederation, signed July, 1778, the quotas of aid to be furnished by the several States were directed to be in proportion to the value of all *land* in each State granted to or surveyed for any person. This was adopted in consequence of the impossibility of harmonizing the views of the South and North, with regard to the value of slaves. It was a compromise measure submitted by the North, but it was found of impracticable execution. So fully convinced of this, was the Congress of 1783, that the committee on the subject of revenue, deemed it proper in their report to recommend to the States a change in the eighth of the articles of confederation, so that the quotas of the respective States should be apportioned not according to the value of land, but to the number of inhabitants, of every age, sex and condition, except Indians not paying taxes, in each State—"provided always, that in such numeration, no persons shall be included who are bound to servitude for life, according to the laws of the State, to which they belong, other than such as may be between the ages of ——— years." This renewed the old contest. It was a selfish struggle on the part of slaveholders to avoid their just share of the public burdens. March 27, 1783, this part of the report was taken up. We extract from the Madison papers, the report of the debate upon it.]

Mr. Bland, in opposition, said that the value of land was the best rule, and that, at any rate, no change should be attempted until its practicability should be tried.

Mr. Madison thought that the value of land could never be justly or satisfactorily obtained; that it would ever be a source of contention among the States; and that as a repetition of the valuation would be within the course of the twenty-five years, it would, unless exchanged for a more simple rule, mar the whole plan.

Mr. Gorham was in favor of the paragraphs. He represented, in strong terms, the inequality and clamor produced by valuations of land in the State of Massachusetts, and the probability of the evils being increased among the States themselves, which were less tied together, and more likely to be jealous of each other.

Mr. Williamson was in favor of the paragraphs.

Mr. Wilson was strenuous in their favor; said he was in Congress when the articles of confederation directing a valuation of land were agreed to; that it was the effect of the impossibility of compromising the different ideas of the eastern and southern States, as to the value of slaves compared with the whites, the alternative in question.

Mr. Clark was in favor of them. He said that he also was in Congress when this article was decided; that the southern States would have agreed to numbers in preference to the value of land, if half of their slaves only should be included, but that the eastern States would not concur in the proposition.

It was agreed on all sides, that, instead of fixing the proportion by ages, as the report proposed, it would be best to fix the proportion in absolute numbers. With his view, and that the blank might be filled up, the clause was recommitted.

Friday, March 28th.—The committee last mentioned reported that two blacks be rated as one freeman.

Mr. Wolcott, (of Connecticut,) was for rating them as four to three.

Mr. Carroll, (of Maryland,) as four to one.

Mr. Williamson, (of North Carolina,) said he was principled against slavery; and that he thought slaves an incumbrance to society, instead of increasing its ability to pay taxes.

Mr. Higginson, as four to three.

Mr. Rutledge, (of South Carolina,) said for the sake of the object, he would agree to vote slaves as two to one, but he sincerely thought three to one would be a juster proportion.

Mr. Holton, as four to three.

Mr. Osgood said he did not go beyond four to three.

On a question for rating them as three to two, the votes were New Hampshire, aye; New Jersey, aye. Pennsylvania, aye; Delaware, aye; Maryland, no; Virginia, no; North Carolina, no; South Carolina, no.

The paragraph was then postponed by general consent, some wishing for further time to deliberate on it; but it appearing to be the general opinion that no compromise would be agreed to.

After some further discussion on the report, in which the necessity of some simple and practicable rule of apportionment came fully into view, Mr. Madison said that, in order to give proof of the sincerity of his professions of liberality, he would propose that slaves should be rated as five to three. Mr. Rutledge seconded the motion. Mr. Wilson said he would sacrifice his opinion on his compromise.

Mr. Lee was against changing the rule, but gave it as his opinion, that two slaves were not equal to one freeman.

On the question of five to three, it was passed in the affirmative; New Hampshire, aye; Massachusetts, divided; Rhode Island, no; Connecticut, no; New Jersey, aye; Pennsylvania, aye; Maryland, aye; Virginia, aye; North Carolina, aye; South Carolina, aye.

A motion was then made by Mr. Bland, seconded by Mr. Lee, to strike out the clause so amended, and on the question, "shall it stand," it passed in the negative; New Hampshire, aye; Massachusetts, no; Rhode Island, no; Connecticut, no; New Jersey, aye; Pennsylvania, aye; Delaware, no; Maryland, aye; Virginia, aye; North Carolina, aye; South Carolina, no. So the clause was struck out.

The arguments used by those who were for rating slaves high were, that the expense of feeding and clothing them, was as far below that incident to freemen, as their industry and ingenuity were below those of freemen; and that the warm climate, within which the States having slaves lay, compared with the rigorous climate and inferior fertility of the others, ought to have great weight in the case; and the exports of the former States were greater than of the latter. On the other side, it was said, that slaves were not put to labor as young as the children of laboring families; that having no interest in their labor, they did as little as possible, and omitted every exertion of thought requisite to facilitate and expedite it; that if the exports of the States having slaves exceeded those of the others, their imports were in proportion, slaves being wholly employed in agriculture, not in manufactures; and that in fact, the balance of trade was formerly much more against the southern States, than the others. On the main question, New Hampshire, aye; Massachusetts, no; Rhode Island, no; Connecticut, no; New York, (Mr. Floyd,) aye; New Jersey, aye; Delaware, no; Maryland, aye; Virginia, aye; North Carolina, aye; South Carolina, no.

[April 1st, Congress resumed the report on Revenue.]

Mr. Hamilton, who had been absent when the last question was taken, for substituting numbers, in place of the value of land, moved to reconsider that vote.—He was seconded by Mr. Osgood. Those who voted differently from their former votes, were influenced by the conviction of a necessity of the change, and despair on both sides of a more favorable rate of the slaves.—The rate of three-fifths was agreed to without opposition.

Such is the record of the first signal triumph of the slaveholding interest. Grant that slave labor was not so valuable as free labor, that was the business of the States encouraging the former. Population was the best standard of wealth, and if the slave States thought they were wronged by it, it was easy for them to convert their slaves into free laborers, and thus put themselves on an equality with the North.

Slaveholders either believed what they said in regard to the inferior productiveness of slaves, or they did not. If they did, the early testimony thus furnished of the miserable economy of slave labor, is highly valuable. But, then, the wonder is, that the States in which the great body of the slave population lay, clung so tenaciously to this ruinous kind of property. If they did not believe what they said, and we have good ground for assuming that the delegates from South Carolina and Georgia, at least, were liable to his charge, then were they guilty of a most discreditable artifice, to avoid their proportion of the public burden, and impose a most oppressive share of it on the northern and middle States, already far in advance of the southern States, in contributions and loans to the general government. One thing is certain, that on other occasions, the South was not backward in vaunting its opulence and growing resources.

One other remark: this triumph of the slave power, prepared the way for the incorporation of the principle of property-representation in the Federal Constitution. When the Convention of '87 began to consider the ratio of representation, the slaveholding delegation urged with considerable force, this compromise, as a reason for the assumption, that five slaves being equal to three freemen, they should be represented in this proportion. More of this anon.

Some few facts of general interest we may notice as we go along. The seven northern and middle States, by the committee appointed to consider the proportions of the general revenue in the Congress of 1783, were estimated to contain a population of 1,338,600; the six southern States, a population of 1,020,700. The Loan office debt of the Confederation in 1783 amounted to $11,463,802.—Of this, the five southern States held but $99,563 47. The balance was loaned by the seven northern and middle States, three-fourths of it nearly by Massachusetts, Connecticut and Pennsylvania. Another fact. At one time, one half of the troops of the line was furnished by the State of Connecticut. These statements sufficiently show on whom rested the chief burthen of the Revolutionary War. And yet, as we have seen, the States which had fallen far short in their contributions to maintain the struggle, were most anxious, by having their laboring population rated at one half, to get rid of their share of the expense in which it involved the country.

From the Ripley Telegraph.

LETTER FROM MR. RANKIN.

The following is from an early and most efficient friend of the anti-slavery cause; John Rankin, Presbyterian clergyman in Ohio. With all our respect and regard for the writer, we could not help shuddering at the sentiment, "*I feel it is as much my duty to shoot the midnight assassin in his attacks, as to pray.*"

Mr. Edwards,—Sir: As various false reports are in circulation, respecting the recent attack made upon me by midnight assassins, perhaps it may be interesting to the public, to have a statement of the facts in the case, and such I shall now give.

Soon after the resolutions passed against abolitionists and the colored people, during the great mob in Cincinnati, reports reached me that the mobocrats of that city were threatening to come to Ripley, and tear down my house. Similar threats were reported as having been made, in different places in Kentucky, and also in Ohio. Little danger was apprehended, and yet it was thought prudent to provide the means of defense, and a number of fire-arms were accordingly provided; and my family being very large, I had the means of using them if necessity required. Some degree of watchfulness was kept up. On Sabbath, the 12th inst., a little before midnight, one of my sons heard a low whistle; he looked out of the window, and saw a man put his head around the corner of the house. He, and a nephew of mine that slept with him, seized each two loaded pistols, and ran out with their shirts and pantaloons, without so much as waiting to put on their shoes; they parted and took opposite directions around the house. My son ran to the corner at which he saw the man, and came suddenly upon him and spoke to him, and received a pistol-shot for an answer, which barely missed taking his life. It tore the shirt from the top of his left shoulder. This shot, had it been received in the throat, must have been fatal. My son instantly returned the fire. He cried murder and fled. The probability is that he was wounded. By the time my son had extinguished the fire in his shirt, my nephew had fallen in before him, when another man fired upon him, but without effect; he returned the fire, and from the doleful shriek given, it is inferred that a wound was inflicted: and he fled off more slowly than his fellow. Six or seven shots passed in a few seconds. Four other men were seen at my barn, who also fled. My son and nephew pursued some distance, but not having their shoes, could make but little speed over the rough ground, and therefore turned into town to give the citizens notice, that they might aid in case of another attack; and also in searching after those who had already committed violence. Many of the citizens, with commendable readiness came to assist. Search was made, but without success; the ruffians had shielded themselves under the darkness of the night. No further interruptions occurred. Search was made to see if an attempt had been made to fire my barn, and at the place where the four men had been seen, some combustible materials were found laid against the barn; fire had been put to them, but in consequence of the night's dampness, and not having sufficiently kindled, it had gone out. The incendiaries had not sufficient time to do their work.

Thus have I been attacked at midnight, with fire and weapons of death, and nothing but the good providence of God has preserved my property from flames, and myself and family from violence and death. And why? Have I wronged any one? No, but I am an ABOLITIONIST. I teach the doctrine that "All men are born equally free and independent—that we must love our neighbors as ourselves—that to buy, to sell, and hold human beings as property is sin." I do not recognize the slaveholder's right to flesh and blood, and souls of men and women. For this I must be proscribed, my property burnt, and my life put in jeopardy!!—I am charged with feeding the hungry and clothing the naked;—the poor man, white or black, has never been turned away from my door. And, for this I must stand guard over my property and family while others sleep in safety. Have I ever merited any thing but good from the community in which I live? Can any person say that I have not labored to promote the best interests of all classes of men? Why, then, am I beset with armed men around my house at midnight? Because I am an ABOLITIONIST! These men came to sustain the slaveholder's claim to human beings as property. Such defense well becomes the dark system of slavery.

Now I desire all men to know that I am not to be deterred from what I believe to be my duty, by fire and sword. I also wish all to know that I feel it my duty to defend my HOME to the uttermost; and that it is as much a duty to shoot the midnight assassin in his attacks, as it is to pray. I therefore warn all persons, to beware lurking about my house and barn at night. When I am put upon the necessity of standing guard over my family and property, I shall not do it in vain. JOHN RANKIN.

Ripley, (Ohio,) Sept. 13, 1841.

From the Liberator.

CONGRESS.

The policy of this nation, in regard to political economy, a tariff, free trade, the currency, &c. &c. is necessarily at war with itself, full of inequalities and contrarieties; impracticable, because based upon falsehood; ruinous, because it is hostile to freedom. By what legerdemain can a piece of gold or a bank-note reconcile free and slave labor—the interests of freemen and those of slaves—northern and southern institutions? By what miracle can Congress legislate beneficially for the South, and at the same time directly consult the prosperity of the North? Can that which gives nourishment to Slavery, renovate the drooping energies of Liberty? And if a "compromise" be made between these hostile powers, must it not be at the expense of the latter? The North could not fail to see and understand this, if her eyes were not blinded by the mists of prejudice, and her heart changed to adamant by the potency of oppression. Her vision will be purged in the course of events, but peradventure too late to avert her downfall.

There are such things as self-evident truths. Some of these are embodied in the Declaration of Independence, and are acknowledged and denied by the American people, in the same breath. Still, they exist. Among these are the following: That whatever legislative policy is agreeable to Slavery, is pernicious to Liberty: That whatever is distasteful to both Slavery and Liberty, must (if imposed upon them both) lead to collision and war: That Slavery and Liberty are both endeavoring to obtain universal mastery in this country, each to the overthrow of the other; and, therefore, until one or the other be slain, there must be confusion and distress in all our borders: That nothing but the reign of universal freedom can mitigate these "hard times," and save the nation from bankruptcy.

The whigs and the democrats, as parties, refuse to make war upon slavery, and thus are acting on the "penny wise, pound foolish" plan. They are selfish, blind, corrupt, cowardly. Sustained in their present course, and carrying out their present intentions, they can never advance the interests of the country. They are devoid of understanding, and destitute of true patriotism. They differ in name, but not in principle. They keep one object steadily in view—supremacy; but as for anything else, they neither fear God nor regard man.

There is, therefore, nothing of a signally beneficial character to be looked for at the hands of the new Congress. The session, we are confident, will yield an abundant harvest of mischief, and result in disgracing afresh the American character. We are prepared to see it stormy, brutal, ferocious, beyond all precedent. However hugely politicians may magnify the question of tariff or currency, there is one question, that swallows up in magnitude and importance all others—and that is the abolition question. To the South, all others are as drops to the ocean. That question is to be met at the very opening of the session. How it will be met remains to be seen! It was "staved off" by a political *ruse* at the extra session, and the movement was approved by some professed abolitionists, on the dangerous ground of expediency. But there can be no dodging now. Messrs. Borden, Slade, Gates, and Giddings are pledged in good faith not to flinch, not to yield an iota of principle to the demands of slavery, at this the regular session. If, at the extra session, it was not in the power of the South to cause the anti slavery petitions to be rejected in form, we will no believe that she can succeed in doing this, at the present session. We expect the sacred right of petition to be maintained impartially, and vindicated at all hazards. If this should be done, we are willing to risk all the consequences. The desperadoes from the South, in Congress, will fume and swagger, and threaten to blow up the Union, as a matter of course. All that appertains to burlesque, paradox, imposture, effrontery, is embraced in the fact, that they are allowed to represent a people professing to believe in the Declaration of Independence.

One thing the people of the North must remember. If they do not mean again to succumb to "the dark spirit of slavery,"—if they desire to be faithfully represented by those whom they have sent to Congress,—if they would blush to see their representatives turn pale and retreat before southern ruffianism —☞ THEY MUST INUNDATE BOTH HOUSES OF CONGRESS WITH A FLOOD OF ANTI SLAVERY PETITIONS, AND MAKE THEIR POWER SEEN AND FELT UPON PAPER IN THE MOST IMPRESSIVE MANNER. If they will be faithful to themselves, their representatives will also be faithful.

THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.

It is estimated that since 1808, (the period when it was supposed that a mortal blow had been given to this hellish traffic, both by Great Britain and the United States,) to 1840, there have been kidnapped and carried away from Africa—to the Brazils, 2,420,000; to Cuba and Porto Rico, 1,020,000; to the French Colonies, Mexico, and the United States, 300,000. Captured and liberated, and died after capture, about 140,000. Total, 3,860,000!!!

Upon the most moderate computation, the slave trade dooms to the horrors of slavery, *every year* among Christian (!) powers, 120,000; Mohammedan powers, 50,000; total, 170,000. Destroyed annually in procuring this number, 280,000; making a total of 450,000—or more than *twelve hundred a day*. What keeps this terrible trade alive, under such pains and penalties as are declared against it? What but the system of slavery, which furnishes the market to tempt unprincipled men to risk everything in hope of a rich recompense?—Hence, to be opposed to the immediate abolition of slavery, is to be in favor of the slave trade.

The awful waste of life in that trade may be realized, when it is stated, that of every thousand who are kidnapped, *one-half* perish in the seizure, marching and detention on the coast; *one fourth* of those embarked, perish during the middle passage; and *one fifth* of those who are landed, perish in the seasoning during the first year, and the remaining three hundred, with their descendants, are doomed to hopeless bondage and a premature grave!

The universal abolition of negro slavery, would immediately destroy the foreign slave trade, and deliver ill-fated Africa from her fiendish invaders. While human beings can be sold with a profit, they will be stolen for sale. The market being destroyed the trade dies of necessity.—*Liberator.*

From the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Reporter.

TEXAS.

The incidental notice of our commercial relations with the Texan republic, by Sir Robert Peel, in his speech on Friday night last, leads us to the conclusion, that the treaty into which General Hamilton entered with Lord Palmerston has not been consummated. We trust it has not been, and will not be while Texas continues to hold slaves, and pursues; policy towards the aboriginal tribes, and the free people of color, utterly at variance with the commonest dictates of humanity and religion. Not only has the institution of slavery been actually created under its laws, but its perpetuity has been provided for by the same laws. To the United States it looks for a constant supply of human victims for the slave markets it has opened. It has legalized a slave trade between that country and its own, and (what may not be generally known) with France also, if her colonists choose to avail themselves of it; for the treaty into which Texas has entered with that power, grants her the same privileges as those enjoyed by the United States, and one of these is the free transit of slaves into the republic, and their unrestricted sale when there. We have reason to believe that a similar treaty has been made with Holland. If it be so, we have little doubt that the Dutch planters of Curacoa, Saba, and St. Eustatius, at least many of them, will carry their slaves thither, for sale or location, unless the government interpose its authority to prevent it. The attention of our French and Dutch friends is earnestly desired to this point.

With respect to the Indians, found within the limits of Texas, we find it to be the fixed determination of its authorities to extirpate them. Treachery and murder most foul have hitherto characterized their proceedings towards them. They hunt and destroy them like wild beasts, and hesitate no more to kill an Indian than to shoot a dog. And with respect to the free people of color, the offspring of whites, whether with negroes or Indians, a law has been passed, and is now being carried into execution, for their expulsion from the State or their reduction to slavery. This last point leads us to remark on the treatment which the emancipated negroes of our colonies may expect, should they be induced to resort thither, either for business or any other lawful purpose whatever. Will it be endured that the petty State of Texas shall treat with indignity the free subjects of her Majesty, who may go thither as mariners, merchants, or travellers, because they happen to be black or colored! Ought not any treaty with Texas to be repudiated, which does not contain the most express stipulation on the point, that distinction of color shall make no exception in the treatment of British subjects by the Texan authorities? We go farther, and say, that no treaty with that Republic should ever be signed, which did not contain a stipulation that slavery should be wholly abolished. The present government, we earnestly hope, will not lose sight of these points. It is for Great Britain to show, by the consistency of all her acts with foreign powers, that no hopes of commercial advantage or political aggrandizement will ever lead her to compromise the liberty and happiness of any part of the human family.

The news has reached this country, that Mexico has rejected, with indignation, the proposal of the Texan envoy for the recognition of the independence of the Texan republic, though backed by all the influence of Great Britain, and by a guarantee that one million dollars of the debt owing from that country to this, would be borne by Texas, in the event of its being done; and it is by no means certain, that Mexican troops may not once more attempt, by force of arms, to regain the territory which has been lost. At the present moment, Texas is as bankrupt in its treasury, as it is in its character. Before the recognition of its independence by this country, its dollar notes circulated for the value of ten cents only. That circumstance raised their value to fifteen cents; but they are now, we are informed, receding to the former amount. We earnestly caution our countrymen, not to be duped by the glowing statements of Mr. Kennedy, as to the extent and wealth of Texas, nor by the diplomatic skill of General Hamilton, nor by the promised advantages held out by the Texan land companies, established in this country. All will be found hollow and unsubstantial. Those who may adventure their property, or risk their persons, in speculations which promise such golden returns, will be miserably deceived, and rue the day they placed confidence in Texan faith. The republic was founded in fraud and violence, and can only be sustained by them.

From the Philanthropist.

CREED OF COLONIZATION.

I believe that the negro is a man.

I believe, that God has so constituted the white man, that he must always feel an antipathy to the black man.

I believe that this antipathy has its origin in Heaven.

I believe that it justifies me in treating the black man as unclean;

In denying him ordinary respect;

In neglecting to improve his condition *here;*

In withholding from him the right of testifying where his person or property is assailed by a white man;

In excluding him from the benefits of education;

In separating him in the house of God, and placing him in a negro pew;

In making his condition as uncomfortable as possible here, that he may by moral suasion be induced to leave the country.

I believe, that this antipathy justifies me,

In regarding all his attempts to meliorate his condition here, with disapprobation;

In denouncing as enemies to his welfare, creators of mobs, disturbers of the peace of society, those who would elevate his character in this country;

I believe, in a word, that it warrants me in not loving him as myself; and any body that ventures to rebuke this antipathy, I regard as impeaching the wisdom of the Divine Governor, seeing he has implanted it in my breast.

I cannot bear that the negro shall stay in this country and improve his condition.

Therefore he shall not be elevated here;

Therefore he cannot be elevated here;

Therefore he shall not stay here;

Therefore he cannot stay here;

Therefore it is an ordinance of God, that he shall leave here.

And therefore those who would deny all this, will be found fighting against God, and will have "an account to settle which no discreet man would knowingly take on himself."

DON'T SEND YOUR DAUGHTERS TO THE SOUTH.

Mr. Rogers, in the Herald of Freedom, narrates the following painful history, illustrating the effect of sending New England girls, to be head mistresses of the harems at the South. Keep them away!

"We learned a terrible fact at Mount Vernon, concerning the daughter of Lawyer Hazletine, whom we saw in the store, and had a long conversation with at Francestown. She married a slaveholder, we were told, by the name of *Punchard*. An apropos name, by the bye. He carried her South. One of his slaves, whom he had maltreated, fled from him, and took refuge in the store of a northern man—an acquaintance of Punchard's, or his wife's, at the North. He refused to let Punchard have the slave, unless he would promise to treat him better. He did—but it was a *slaveholder's* promise, and as binding as a tiger's or a wolf's, to show kindness to a sheepfold. On their way home, and in sight of his wretched wife, who sat in her window, the infuriated tyrant drew up his rifle and shot the slave dead on the spot. His wife was so shocked at it, that it caused her death. Lawyer Hazletine told us he thought the line between southern slavery, and minority or apprenticeship here at the North, merely imaginary;' and yet slavery, when he said it, had murdered his daughter!"

THE UNION.

Who has aided the slaveholder in building his negro-prisons at the seat of government? The northern tax-payer. Who has sent back his slaves, when they had run away? The northern freeman. Who has stood ready, "armed and equipped," to quell the insurrection of his negroes? The northern soldier. Who has purchased his corn, cotton, and tobacco, at an advanced profit? The northern merchant. Who has clothed and shod his vassals? The northern manufacturer. Who has built his coach, chair, or calash, and furnish the parlors and drawing-room of his mansion? The northern mechanic. Who has put into his hand the weapon of death, by which he keeps his slaves in awe, and armed his overseer and man-stealer with manacles, fetters, branding irons, and scourges? The gun-smith, lock-smith, black-smith, and whipmaker of the North. Who has stood at his right hand on the floor of Congress, to aid him in applying the gag to the mouth of freedom, and trampling upon the right of petition? The northern Representative.—*Morning Star.*

From the New-York Evangelist.

DEPARTURE OF THE MENDIANS.

On Thursday at 9 o'clock, A. M. the Mendians, the missionaries, and several friends, went on board the barque at the foot of Clinton street, and were rowed down the harbor by the steamboat. Nothing could exceed the delight which they manifested as soon as they lost sight of their boarding house, and found themselves fairly started on their way to the vessel that was to take them to their homes. They gave way to no noisy manifestations of joy, but there was a light in their eye, an elasticity in their steps, and an expression in their whole manner that evinced how exceedingly glad they were. And as they leaped one by one on board the barque it was not difficult to imagine that their own minds were busy with the contrast between their present situation—FREE and bound for home—and their condition when last on board a vessel, bound in chains and threatened with death!

As soon as the steamboat, with the barque, were fairly in the stream, the missionaries, the Mendians, the owner and officers of the barque, with several friends, assembled in the cabin of the steamboat to spend an hour in a meeting suited to the interesting and solemn occasion. The exercises commenced by singing a hymn. An appropriate prayer was then offered by Rev. Joshua Leavitt. After which Mr. Lewis Tappan, on behalf of the committee, took leave of the missionaries and teachers in an affectionate address, at the conclusion of which he desired Rev. S. S. Jocelyn to read, for their encouragement, the xci. Psalm, as follows:

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge, and my fortress—my God—in Him will I trust. Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome p

I will deliver him, and honor him—with long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation."

Mr. Tappan then addressed the Mendians. He spoke of the kind designs of God in bringing them to this country, and desired them to contrast their present condition with their condition (and the present condition of their countrymen) in Mendi, with devout gratitude to Him; he asked them to consider what God wanted them to do with their present improvements and advantages on the passage, and in Africa he exhorted them to conduct well on board the vessel, to love one another, to love and honor their religious teachers, to remember all the *good* they had seen or heard in this country, and to forget all the bad; to believe in Christ with their whole hearts, to shine as lights in Mendi, and to prepare for judgment. He made an appeal to Cinque to use the influence he had gained over his comrades for their good, the protection of the missionaries, the furtherance of their benevolent designs, and to exert himself to recommend them and their doctrine to his countrymen. He appealed to all the Mendians, not to throw aside the habits of civilized life that they had acquired in this country; but to urge their adoption and the religion of Jesus upon their friends at home. He desired them, while grateful to the friends here who have aided them, not to forget that it was to God to whom they were chiefly indebted, and that He had laid them under everlasting obligations to love and obey him, for delivering them from their enemies, and offering them eternal salvation by their Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. He assured them that they would be followed by the good wishes and fervent prayers of thousands in this land who had sympathised with them in their affliction, who had furnished the means for their education, defense, deliverance, and return to Mendi; and who would never forget them nor the people of Mendi. He told them that the British Minister in this country had furnished letters to the Governor at Sierra Leone, who would befriend them on their arrival, and aid them in reaching their homes; and that their friends in England would do all they could to benefit them.

Every attention has been paid to their wants by the owners and officers, and the providence of God permitting, there seemed to be nothing wanting to prevent their enjoying a pleasant passage. May the blessing of the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob attend them! We learn that at dawn of day, Saturday, the 27th inst. the barque proceeded to sea with a fine breeze. They must have got a good offing before the snow storm set in.

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A short time before their departure, the following correspondence took place.

To the Hon. John Quincy Adams.

Most respected Sir:—The Mendi people give you thanks for all your kindness to them. They will never forget your defense of their rights before the great Court at Washington. They feel that they owe to you, in a large measure, their deliverance from the Spaniards, and from slavery or death. They will pray for you as long as they live, Mr. Adams. May God bless and reward you.

We are about to go home to Africa. We go to Sierra Leone first, and then we reach Mendi very quick. When we get to Mendi we will tell the people of your great kindness. Good missionary will go with us. We shall take the Bible with us. It has been a precious book in prison, and we love to read it now we are free! Mr. Adams, we want to make you a present of a beautiful Bible! Will you please to accept it, and when you look at it, or read it, remember your poor and grateful clients? We read in this Holy Book, "If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, when men rose up against us, then they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us. Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us a prey to their teeth. Our souls are escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler; the snare is broken; and we are escaped. Our help is in the name of the Lord who made Heaven and Earth."

For the Mendi people.
CINQUE, KINNA, KA-LE.

Boston, Nov. 6th, 1841.

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Boston, 19th Nov. 1841.

Lewis Tappan, Esq. New-York.

Dear Sir:—I received, and accept with thanks, the elegant Bible, presented to me by Cinque, Kinna, Ka-le, and the thirty-two other Mendians, who are indebted to you, and your benevolent associates, probably for their lives, certainly for their deliverance from an unjust prosecution, and finally for the means of returning to their own country.

I enclose herewith my answer to the address of Cinque, Kinna, Ka-le, in behalf of the whole number inserted before the title-page to the volume. I ask of your kindness to communicate an answer, with my best wishes for their safe return home, to them. I have been unwilling to meet them in any public exhibition, which might have the appearance on my part of an ostentatious display of the service which it had been my good fortune to render them—a service of which I have otherwise but too strong a propensity to be proud, and of which I feel that all pride and self-approbation ought to sink into the sentiment of humble and fervent gratitude to God. The silent gratulations of my own conscience, for the part I have taken in these concerns, are too precious to seek for the praise, or to hazard the censure of public assemblies. But I could not cease to take an interest in their welfare, and to hone for the consummation of your kindness to them in the accompaniment of their restoration in freedom and safety to their native land.

I am, with respect,
Dear sir, faithfully yours,
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

To the Mendian Africans Cinque, Kinna, Ka-le, and thirty-two others about to return to their native land.

Boston, 19th Nov. 1841.

My Friends—I received the elegant Bible, which you have presented me through your true and faithful friend Mr. Lewis Tappan. I accept it, and shall keep it as a kind remembrance from you, to the end of my life. It was from that book I learned to espouse your cause when you were in trouble, and to give thanks to God for your deliverance.

I am glad to learn that you have the prospect of returning safe and free to your own native country; and I hope and pray that you may pass the remainder of your lives in peace and comfort there. Remember with kindness those worthy persons who befriended you in your captivity here, and who now furnish you with the means of returning home, and tell your countrymen of the blessings of the book which you have given to me. May the Almighty Power who has preserved and sustained you hitherto, still go with you and turn to your good and to that of your country all that you have suffered, and all that may hereafter befall you.

From your Friend,
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

BRIEF HISTORY OF CHINA.

China is an empire of Asia, the most populous and ancient in the world, being 1,390 miles long and 1,160 wide. Population from 300,000,000 to 360,000,000. The capital is Pekin, with 1,100,000 inhabitants; Nankin 1,000,000, and Canton 1,100,000. China produces tea; 50,000,000 pounds of which are annually exported from Canton, the only place which foreigners are allowed to visit. Silk, cotton, rice, gold, silver, and all the necessaries of life, are found in China. The arts and manufactures in many branches are in high perfection, but stationary, as improvements are prohibited. The government is a despotic monarchy. Revenue 200,000,000; army, 800,000 men. The religion is similar is Buddhism, the chief god being Foh. The Chinese inculcate the morals of Confucius, their great philosopher, who was born 550 B. C. The great wall and canal of China are among the mightiest works ever achieved by man. The foreign commerce of China amounts to $35,000,000 or $40,000,000 annually, the whole of which is transacted with appointed agents, called Hong merchants. Foreigners are allowed to live in certain factories or "factories" below Canton. The chief trade is with England. The first American ship visited China in 1784; now the annual average of United States ships visiting Canton is 32. The average annual loss from foreign commerce by the Emperor is $4,000,000 to $6,000,000. According to Mr. Gutzlaff opium smuggled into China, to the injury of the people, amounted to $20,000,000 annually for several years past, much of which was paid in specie, which found its way to London. The Chinese language are nearly 40,000 characters of letters. The Chinese use manure for agriculture, and once every year an Emperor ploughs a piece of land himself in presence of the people.—*Bicknell's Reporter.*

"Begging is the Devil's logic."

Communications.

TO THE MASSACHUSETTS SUBSCRIBERS OF THE STANDARD.

Dear Friends:

Thus I feel impelled to address you, for every friend of enslaved and wronged humanity, should be the friend of every other such; that by mutual helpfulness their mutual purpose for its enfranchisement may be accomplished. If you are impressed with the commanding claims of the anti-slavery cause upon the heart and hand of every American, and are beginning to ask what you can *do* to promote it, you will pardon the suggestions of one who has been many years in the field, and who has learned the importance of small instrumentalities, by experience of their efficiency. The moment that interest and sympathy become general in their cause; the moment *everybody* feels as *you* feel, the work of abolition is accomplished. But how to bring about this desirable state of things? Mainly, by personal effort. If you have influence, time, money, talent, ingenuity, use them. Petitioning and the Fair are two open doors, by which you can approach your neighbors, and by collision kindle the flame of liberty upon the altar of every heart.

Of petitioning I will not speak, now: I will at the present time, commend the Fair to your attention. All these efforts are "twice blessed." Not only is the money obtained, by which agents are kept in the field, books published, and newspapers issued, but the process by which it is obtained is an agency more effectual than any other. A rich man gives a hundred dollars to the cause. It is well:—he and the cause are the better for it. A poor woman, by personal exertion, such as sending out half a hundred notes of invitation to all in her neighborhood who seem likely to respond to her call, by conversation in the interval with them all, by setting on foot the various works for which sewing-circles are famous, by getting them to read and work together, till goods to the amount of a hundred dollars are raised, has not merely been the means of giving that amount to the cause; she has done more than the rich man—she has *abolitionized one neighborhood* by the effort of preparing to abolitionize another.

Will you, my friend, whose eye this sentence meets, make this effort? I ask effort in the name of God, who made you and the slave brothers and sisters, and who will surely, in the course of his Providence, ask "Where is thy brother?"—it may be in the voice of wail from burning cities; for the end of slavery, if it be not in abolition, is insurrection. Suffer it not to be so. I beseech you, in the name of the Saviour you adore as God manifest in the flesh, and who bids you to be merciful, and just, doing to others as you would that they should do unto you. I charge you, as you honor the Christian name, not to sleep this night till you have made some effort. I adjure you as you would rejoice at the hour of Jubilee, or as you would have peace of mind, should it appear that the day of grace for the nation has passed, and that all effort comes *too late*, to make what effort lies with you, that you may thereby "Save *some* souls alive." It is much to have converted *one* soul here at the North from the error of its ways; though it should be too late to avert national destruction. For your children's sake, suffer not this day to pass, till they have seen you in earnest to do your part of this great work of conservation.

A channel has been opened and deepened by many years of labor. Do not say it is too small a one—too little fertilizing—too little worthy of your powers; unless you have already devised a better.

It is worth somewhat, the power of cheering on the hearts that have devoted themselves to this cause of freedom: and not until you have given a few years' labor, will you be able to estimate the amount of good done in this way, which effort on your part is *certain* to effect.

Do you sit with folded hands, because nothing as yet has been done in your neighborhood? Have the satisfaction of being the first to begin the good work, then! You feel for the dumb, the blind, the destitute, the ignorant, the seaman, and the pagan. Your numerous benevolent societies tell plainly enough of your sympathy for these: and we rejoice that it is so. But will you coldly turn away from the poor slave, in whom *all* these claims are united?

For our country's sake, for your own sake, for the sake of the poor, perishing slave, for Christ's sake, be not indifferent in this matter. It needs all the energies of all the free. God will not hold us guiltless for neglect in this great work.

As one means, and an important one, of helping us in this terrible struggle with tyranny and crime, let the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Fair, to be held at Boston, during Christmas week, receive aid at your hands. Of all who wish well to our sacred cause, we ask either contributions, or orders for purchases. Come forward with strong and liberal hearts; and be assured a blessing will rest upon your efforts united with theirs.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

CONTRACTING SPECTACLES.

(Extracted from an Essay by Catharine Snow, of Oberlin Institute.)

"Spectacles containing concave and convex lenses, have, on account of their utility, long since attracted the attention of the natural philosopher, the near-sighted, and the aged. Magnifying glasses, too, have been objects of note, as they have greatly facilitated the researches of the astronomer; and fashionable spectacles have furnished matter for the pen of the moralist. These, from their tendency to promote the well-being of mankind, have not failed to interest the inquiring mind. But contracting spectacles were instruments to which I was an entire stranger, until one day I heard a sage, saying of one who was his junior in years, that he could not judge *correctly*, because he continually wore a pair of contracting spectacles. The expression so novel, failed not to leave an impression on my mind, which soon became confirmed by observation.

Not many days elapsed after listening to the sage, before I was with a lad, who having for the first time emerged from his native hamlet, no sooner found himself in the midst of strangers, than he expressed his disapprobation of all he saw. Being asked the cause of his great uneasiness, "Ah," replied the lad," that's not the way *Pa and Ma does*." As I looked on the boy, I greatly regretted the absence of the wise man, to show him his contracting spectacles.

Shortly after, I met one of riper years; and though he could boast that he had spent nearly three years between the college walls, he was still in a similarly sad condition with the unhappy boy. His medium conveyed nought to his vision, that was of good report, save that which was in the precints of his father's domain. "That's not the *way father does*," was no uncommon expression with him.

Being well aware of the common, yet striking truth, that the motion of a feather often indicates the direction of the wind, I was led to inquire whether the expression of the lad, and of the college student, might not furnish a true index to the vision of mankind in general; and whether it were not improbable that contracting spectacles, were the peculiar property of only two or three, in the humbler walks of life. Facts on the right hand and on the left, soon convinced me that but few, *very few*, see things with their natural eyes; nor was history amiss in furnishing facts which delineate the dire effects, of looking through a contracting medium.

The spectacles of Alexander the Great contracted the world into the small province of Greece; not because it was Greece, but because Philip and Alexander were born there. No deed of cruelty was so dark but it was baptized by the name of virtue, provided the place in which it was committed was first added to the province of Greece, by spilling the blood of thousands. To be a Grecian, was to be a virtuous freeman; to be a Persian, a slave to vice. But when Alexander was styled king of Persia, then no dark spirit ever more emphatically said, "*Evil be thou my* good," than did Alexander in Persia.

A certain king of Siam, looked through so contracted a medium, that he took it for granted, that nothing wonderful or novel could take place out of his own dominions. It so happened, that an artless Dutchman, who had gone there for the purpose of carrying on trade, informed him that in Holland, at certain seasons of the year, water became so solid, that his majesty's elephant might walk on it with great safety. The king arose, and replied, "*Man*, I have believed many extraordinary things which you told me, because I regarded you as a man of veracity; now I know you *lie*; and can only inform you that you must quit my dominions speedily, or do worse."

The Roman Cæsar saw only mighty Rome, the queen of the world. The conduct of a Roman and virtue, no matter how vile, were synonymous terms; and as all who lived without her borders were, as a matter of course barbarians; so, to say that one was vicious, was only to say that he was a barbarian; or in other words, that he was not a Roman. But Cæsar was not alone in saying, "*Great* and *high*, the world knows only two; that's *Rome* and *I*."

The Pope, the great head of the church on earth, once fixed his throne at a place no less conspicuous than the centre of the universe. Here, he was often reminded of his conscious dignity, as he saw not only men, but numberless worlds of light in their diurnal revolutions paying their visits at his shrine. In the course of time, Galileo took his station in the world, and having a medium of vision of great magnifying power, he saw, and even dared to assert, that the sun was the great centre of the universe, and that the earth should be considered as a mere point, millions of miles distant from him. The pope's majesty no sooner felt his throne diminishing, and himself moving with great velocity towards one extremity of the universe; than the awful sentence of the inquisition fell upon the sacrilegious head of Galileo, and the prison became his home.

It furnishes no small matter for rejoicing, that a brighter day is dawning upon the earth; that true philosophy takes the place of popish infallibility; that scientific researches set aside the assertions of religious bigotry and superstitions; that justice supersedes the necessity of fire and water ordeals; and that the religion of the Man of Calvary so kindly proffers to produce universal harmony.

The question, however, may still arise, dare mankind at the *present day*, look with their *natural eyes*? Dare the sons and daughters of American liberty "*prove all things*, and *hold fast that which is good*?" Read the lines written in blazing characters, "All men are born equal;" then ask the ringleaders of the Boston mob, whether the sons of New-England dare look with their natural eyes. Inquire of the murderers of Lovejoy, whether the men of the West, with all their boasted liberty, dare prove all things? and having heard the reply, publish it not among the heathen, lest they say that Jesus Christ is like unto Jupiter and Apollo!

The Church presents a woful picture of discord and strife. Well might the apostle James ask again, "whence come wars and fightings among you? Might he not with much propriety add, Come they not altogether in consequence of your contracted vision? The remark was never more true than at the present day, when each sect arrays itself against all others.

In the reign of William Rufus, of England, the clergy issued a law against all such as wore long, sharp-pointed shoes, with a bird's bill or any other ornament attached to the end; and that, for the very good reason that to wear them was an attempt to belie the scriptures, which affirmed, "No man can add a cubit to his stature." At the present day, a man is condemned for not belonging to "*our* church." His piety is determined by the straightness of his coat collar, the rapidity with which he can repeat his catechism, or the quantity of water used at his baptism.

He who occupies Moses' seat, may with all impunity proclaim from the sacred desk "thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," then, place side by side his ox and manservant; while he who dares to *practise* the words, "thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," receives the sentence of excommunication. The plainest principles of the Bible may be trodden under foot, and the culprit go unpunished; while he who touches with his finger an article contained in the confession of *faith*, is made to feel that he must beware. Thus even the professed friend of the Bible by looking through a false medium, has contracted all that is excellent into his own prejudiced opinion."

TALES OF OPPRESSION.

BY ISAAC T. HOPPER.

No. XLVI.

Mary Holliday.

Fanny, a likely mulatto woman, was a slave to John Sears, of Hartford county, Maryland. When she was about twenty-four years old, she escaped from his service, went to Philadelphia, and hired as a domestic in the family of Isaac W. Morris. After her arrival in that city, she called her name Mary Holliday. Being a prudent, industrious woman, and worthy of confidence, the family became much attached to her. She had remained but a few months in that situation, before her mistress (her master being dead) became informed of her location, and went to Philadelphia, in company with a man by the name of Dutton. She had her arrested on the 7th of 6th mo. 1805, and taken before Matthew Lawler, who was then Mayor. Isaac W. Morris informed me of the circumstance, and solicited my assistance, and I accompanied him to the office. It was not a difficult matter to discover that Mary could not conceal her alarm and distress, though she made an effort to do so.

Dutton was examined as a witness, and testified that he knew a mulatto, who lived with Mary Sears, by the name of Fanny; and he believed the woman then present, who called herself Mary Holliday, was that person. I insisted that the testimony was insufficient, as the witness could not say that he *knew* she was the same person, but merely that he believed so; that the case required as strong testimony as if she was on trial for her life, which was of less value than her liberty. I asked the Mayor if he would consider such testimony satisfactory in the case of a white person, he replied he would not, but he would in the case of a colored person. I asked how dark the person must be to justify him in receiving such testimony as was offered in this case; for Mary was a light mulatto. He answered as dark as that woman, pointing to her. I then asked him what he would think if such testimony was to be offered in the case of his daughter; adding, "there is very little difference in the color of her and the person now standing before thee." He made no reply. However he overruled my objections to the evidence, but consented to postpone the case three days, to allow time to procure testimony in her favor. I. W. Morris became security for her appearance on the 10th of the month. Mary Holliday denied being the slave of the claimant, or that her name was Fanny. But in a short time after leaving the Mayor's office, Isaac W. Morris called upon me, and said that the woman had confessed that her name was Fanny, and that she was a slave. He also said that she had lived with them a long time, and his family had become much attached to her, and they could not bear the idea of her being taken away a slave; he added "I will be accountable for three hundred dollars, if thou wilt get her free." I replied, that I thought I could accomplish that object.

I then called upon Mary Sears, and offered to compromise the matter. After mutually agreeing that nothing which might be said by either of us on that occasion should be used on the trial, I made her an offer of two hundred dollars; which she promptly refused to accept. I was very anxious that we might settle the business without resorting to the law, and I finally offered her three hundred and fifty dollars. At length she informed me that it was in vain to treat on the subject; for she had come to the determination not to sell her on any terms; that she would take her home, and make an example of her. I replied, "I think thou wilt find thyself disappointed." Hearing this, she grinned upon me with an expression of fiend-like malice.

Finding my endeavors prove abortive, I obtained a homini replegiando, and at the time appointed, I attended with the woman at the Mayor's office, accompanied by a deputy sheriff with the writ.

I again urged the insufficiency of the proof that had been offered in the case. The Mayor observed, in rather a peremptory tone, "I have decided that matter, and shall surrender the slave to her mistress." Upon his saying this, I gave the officer a signal to serve the writ. He was a novice in the business, knew little about it, but was faithful to the instructions I had previously given him. He laid his hand upon Mary's shoulder, and said, "By virtue of this writ," holding it in his hand, "I replevin this woman, and deliver her to Mr. Hopper." The Mayor looked suprised, and asked, "What do you say?" He then repeated the same words, and I directed Mary to go to my house. As she was turning to leave the office, her mistress laid hold of her by the arm, and said, she should *not* go. The Mayor asked me what writ it was. I replied "a homini replegiando." He said he did not understand what that meant. I told him that it was none the less powerful on that account. He then told the officer he must leave the writ with him; but the officer replied that he must return it to the sheriff's office. The Mayor then told him that he must give him a copy of it. He replied, it was too long to give a copy; that if he wanted one, he must send to the sheriff's office for it. All this time, the mistress kept her grasp upon Mary. I appealed to the Mayor to compel her to release the girl, as the matter was now referred to another tribunal. He accordingly ordered the mistress to let her go. Mary Sears was completely nonplused, and asked him what she could do. He replied, "I dont know. You must ask Mr. Hopper; his laws are above mine. I thought I knew something about the business; but it seems I do not." Mary being released, went home with me.

Mary Sears, and her friend Dutton, employed Alexander J. Dallas, as her counsel; and William Lewis undertook to manage the suit for Mary Holliday. This case was kept pending in the Supreme Court a long time; and the claimant frequently attended, bringing her witnesses from Maryland with her. This was attended with much trouble and expense. After several years, the case was brought on; but she had left some of her principal witnesses at home. The most of the forenoon was occupied in fruitless altercation between the lawyers, on the admissibility of certain evidence, and on points of law. About one o'clock, the Court adjourned till three in the afternoon. During this recess lawyer Lewis sent for me, and said that the claimant had proposed a compromise. This was effected in consequence of her being informed that I had determined, even if Mary should be adjudged a slave, not to surrender her; but that they would have to go through another process of law, to recover the penalty of the bond. She had become completely tired of law; the trouble and expense had far exceeded her expectations, and she appeared glad of the opportunity of settling the business without further litigation. She agreed to accept of two hundred and fifty dollars, and pay the costs. When the court met in the afternoon, they were informed that the matter was settled, and the jury, with the consent of the parties, found a verdict that Fanny, alias Mary Holliday, was free.

Soon after the suit was commenced, Mary left the service of J. W. Morris, and went out to day's work. She also collected money among her friends, and paid to him in small sums, of ten and fifteen dollars at a time, about three hundred dollars.

Matthew Lawler, the Mayor, was much better acquainted with belligerent operations, than he was with law. During the revolutionary war, he had been an officer on board a privateer, and had part of his face carried away by a grape-shot. This may in some measure account for his ignorance of the homini replegiando. He was not friendly to the colored people; and although I believe he generally wished to discharge the duties of his office correctly, he often erred for want of knowing better.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, DEC. 9, 1841.

CONGRESS—PETITIONS.

In the remarks I am about to make, I abjure anything like political partiality. I may be accused of partisan feeling; but the simple truth is, I would have animadverted as strongly upon the representatives of one party, as upon those of the other, were there not really a distinction in point of historical fact; and at the present crisis, I apprehend that distinction has a significant bearing upon the prospects of our cause at Washington.

The political change, indicated by the recent State elections, affects, materially, the favorable anticipations which had been formed respecting the action of the present Congress on abolition petitions. It is currently said that this change is only apparent, not real; vast numbers of the whigs having absented themselves from the polls. This is, to a considerable extent, true; but it does not help the matter much. The whig party is essentially conservative. Wishing to let things alone as long as the pressure of evil is not intolerable, they are prone, from their very principles, to neglect the support of them at the polls. This disposition, always manifest, is likely to prevail now more than ever, since they have seen how easily the fruits of the most decisive victory, may elude their grasp.

It must now be evident to every reflecting mind, that there is a power in the State, whose capricious and absolute behests baffle all human foresight, and may upset in a moment any plans of national policy. Before this power, the ties of country, political fraternity, party faith, yield like flax to the flame.

Without entertaining a high opinion of any party, or any set of politicians, of the present day, considering them in a great, though not equal, degree, competitors for the grace of the slave-king; out-bidders for southern votes, and for the federal patronage, which those votes, with slight exceptions, have always determined; still, I must affirm, as mere matter of fact, that the representatives of the party now in power have shown more respect for the Constitution, and for themselves, in their treatment of petitioners, than their opponents have ever done.

I would fain avoid the sad and humiliating details to which full proof of this position would lead. Suffice it to say, that, out of some thirty speeches in favor of the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, the right of petition, the recognition of Hayti, and the rejection of Texas, only one has come from the democratic party, and all the rest from the other; and that out of twenty-five to sixty votes in favor of the several gag resolutions and rules, nearly every one has come from the same party that gave us but a "single speech." I have not at hand the means of presenting a political analysis of the votes on all these occasions; but I have before me such an analysis of the vote on the resolution of the 28th Dec. 1838, known as "the Atherton gag." This analysis was prepared and published by the editor of the Emancipator, who is generally understood to favor democratic opinions. The result, so far as it bears on the present question, is stated as follows: "Northern members, Whigs, opposed to the gag, 60; in favor of the gag, 0. Democrats opposed to the gag, 12; in favor of it, 53." The majority in favor of the gag in this instance was 48; less by 5 than the northern democratic votes in its favor; and a similar observation will hold in every like case. Consequently, the continued violations of the right of petition and the liberty of speech, which have been committed at every session of the National Legislature, for the last five years, have been effected by northern democratic majorities.

The standing gag-rule, prohibiting, for the first time, in a formal manner, the reception of petitions, was incorporated among the rules and orders of the House on the 28th of January, 1840. In favor of that, there were from the free States, democratic votes 25, whigs 1; majority for the adoption of this rule 6. This was the rule which, on the accession of the whigs to power, Mr. Adams proposed to rescind. The proposition was carried by a vote of 112 to 104. This vote was reconsidered, on motion of Mr. Ingersoll, a democratic member from Pennsylvania; but it was by the slender majority of 2; the members standing 106 to 104. The effect was to leave the House without any interior government; and they finally adopted rules and orders which excluded *all* petitions of the *whole nation*, except on certain *prescribed* subjects. This was the policy of Herod, the king, "slaying all the children in Bethlehem, and all the coasts thereof," in order to reach the infant Jesus. The arrangement, though a gross and palpable outrage upon the country,—boldly reversing the relation of master and servant, which all our constitutions have established between the people and their representatives,—was, nevertheless, a concession to our cause. It was the removal of an odious distinction, set up for persecution; and although the persecuted fared no better because their fellow citizens fared worse, still it was naturally consolatory and encouraging to them. When persecution becomes general oppression, it inspires hope of speedier redress.

Before the whigs came into power, many worthy abolitionists, whose political partialities were in favor of the democrats, and who felt ashamed and humbled at the undeniable servility of their party, predicted that the northern whigs, once in power, and under the same necessity as the democrats had been, of conciliating the South to preserve their ascendancy, would prove equally reckless of our rights, and equally subservient to slavery. The opening events of the first session of a whig Congress undeceived both them and the South; if the South, as is probable, cherished a like notion. The northern whigs, at the peril of their party, remained eminently consistent and resolute. Leaders, however influential, could not sell, slave traders could not buy them.* In spite of defection and fury, they moved steadily on, to the grand object of re-establishing the right of petition, and rescuing the Constitution of the Union. Union? yes, so far as bending and burdening us go; but Union, no, for any rights or protection it affords.

The South recognized their error in having formed an alliance with such men, in lieu of their accustomed coalition with the leaders of the northern democracy; whose faithful allegiance, and whose unflinching services to the slave-king, they have always had the secret of securing. Now, instead of the docile, the loyal, *hopeful* young Atherton, they had the independent and stubborn old Adams, whose virtue and experience spurned their favors, and defied their frowns. A novel state of things for the slave masters! Behold here, the true cause of the disruption and dispersion of the whig party; but yesterday so great and apparently invincible. Tyler's refractoriness was not the cause; it was merely a seasonable and conspicuous signal. This reconciles the contradictions of his conduct. Perhaps he is deeper than his apologists suppose. True, as they alledge, he has appointed a whig cabinet; but mark the tendency of the change. Mr. Webster, who swore allegiance, and did homage at Richmond, can retain his place. *Granger*, an abolitionist, craven, but unforgiven for former virtue. *Ewing*, a self-poised, and upright man, who resisted in the Senate the suppression of the right of petition, retires, to make way for *Wickliffe* and *Upshur*; the one a fierce and notorious champion from the hot-bed of slavery, the other the pertinacious advocate of the revival of the slave trade in Kentucky. If the new appointments have been all whig, it was probably because a different procedure would have alienated the northern whigs *en masse*; a result, which the wire-pullers were not prepared to precipitate. Besides, there is an honest and disinterested mass of Northern democrats, who would have despised Mr. Tyler's undisguised treachery to his friends, though they were whigs. Be assured that the slave-mongers have not broken with their new friends, without having determined to embrace their old ones. For by northern support in some form, they live and move and have their being. What common ground could have been created so beautiful for their reunion as the *bank vetoes*; and to this complexion the southern whigs were willing to come, with financial anarchy and ruin (for which they believe a bank to be the remedy,) staring them in the face.

Had the whig ascendancy remained firm, there would have been, indeed, little to hope from them for abolition proper; but judging from their former tendencies, they would have shown a decent regard for constitutional principles and common right, at the coming session. This may be yet. It cannot, however, be disguised that the prospect has become clouded and dubious.

The northern democratic leaders have a long time been tending to make anti-abolition their Shibboleth. For this, there are two causes. The most obvious is, that there is an opposite tendency in the other party. The most powerful is, that the South, to whose alliance they trust for success, demands it at their hands. Their unexpected and violent overthrow at the late election, and the opening which the Whig split has made for them to rally their strength and regain their power, have fixed this tendency. "Uncompromising hostility" to "inalienable rights," and unlimited concession to the slaveholders, will be the order of the day with northern democratic leaders for the next campaign. I do not suppose that they have any disinterested hatred of the supporters of those rights; but they have objects of their own to compass, which render it convenient and profitable for them to avail themselves of the abolition force in this way. Those objects obtained, the cause of liberty and humanity will meet no further hostility from the northern democrats; except, perhaps, now and then a shot and tomahawking, just to reassure their southern allies that they do not waver.

And what will the Whigs do in this state of affairs? Will they play the game against their rivals? Will they contend with them for the honor and advantage of being the slaves of slavery? There sits the slave-king! His throne rests on human skulls, bullet-broken. In his right hand, he has a great whip. His face is fierce and inflamed. Piles of chains and pistols support him on either hand, as he shifts uneasily from side to side. A heap of iron gags are behind him. The democratic leaders prostrate themselves before him. A table stands in the centre of the hall, covered with bags of gold, and scrolls of parchment sealed with the emblem of *liberty*—the legend, "Resistance to Tyrants, is obedience to God." It is guarded by a slave breeder from the eastern shore of Virginia. Another table occupies an obscure corner, and under it are strewn files and fragments of paper, on which is written "Petition for the repeal of the 21st Rule." "Remonstrance against the *American* slave trade." The king's negro-hounds have made their nest in them!

An old man enters. He glances with a look of unfeigned compassion at the crowd of worshippers, and steers straight to the table in the corner. He drives away the dogs, and reverently gathers up the papers, numbering them and placing them in a sack; and with one in his hand, and the sack under his arm, he stands erect before the enthroned monster, and reads aloud. The tyrant starts, flourishes his whip, roars, foams, and then falls back, panting, upon the heap of gags. Meanwhile, several of the worshippers seize the old man, tear from him the sack, and throw it again under the table; while a worshipper from New Hampshire, and a stout slave driver from Carolina, take one of the iron gags and force it into his mouth, bracing their feet against his venerable person. They bind the cords round his white locks, and strive to tie it firm. The old man resists not, but he still clutches the petition; and as soon as the worshippers are off his back, and he is able *to rise*, he holds up the writing before the tyrant's eyes.

Now the question is, will the northern Whig representatives follow the example of the old man; turn their back on glittering coin, and executive commissions, gather up our desecrated memorials, and shake them in the tyrant's face? Will they prefer these poor, torn, and sealed papers to rich parchment? and gags to gold? If some will do so, will not others join the worshippers, and grasp the wealth that waits for them? On these questions, hang the present fortunes of our cause. I hope and trust that enough will be found "Obedient to God" to give the monster no rest; and this is all which, under present circumstances, I dare hope.

Ought we, then, to cease sending our petitions? By no means. On the contrary, a new and powerful motive is superadded for continuing it. Every memorial for the slave has now become an assertion of the violated rights of the free! The wrong we suffer is greater than that for which our forefathers fought. ☞ Petitions are our weapons. Send them on! Send them on!! ☜ Let them be thrown out of doors. They will move the stones to meeting, and the pavement will fly like hail at the heads of recreant freemen. Let them he thrown under the table. The suppressed feeling which enters into them will yet expand, so as to raise the table to the roof, and the roof to the heavens.—D. L. C.

* Daniel Webster was not then member of Congress.

TO THE FRIENDS OF FREEDOM AND JUSTICE,

Greeting:

We have a short appeal to make unto you, to which let no man or woman turn an indifferent ear.

The most enlarged and benevolent enterprise of the day—the American Anti-Slavery Society—comes now before you, for your speedy and necesssary help. The Executive Committee, to which its affairs are intrusted, gratefully acknowledge the liberality which has enabled them, since the last annual meeting, to discharge a considerable portion of debt previously contracted, and at the same time to meet the current expenses of their trust. Recently, however, the receipts of our treasury have fallen off. *We are not now provided with sufficient means to pay daily expenses, and a portion of the old debt still remains unpaid.*

In this extremity, we ask *your immediate assistance*. So long as our debts are unpaid, there is a standing reproach upon our integrity. It will not be burdensome to you, individually, to supply us with means adequate to pay all claims on the Society—it is not only embarrassing, but painful to us, to postpone the settlement of those claims, contracted on the faith of your promptitude and ability.

We address ourselves to individuals. Each man and woman can help us, directly and immediately. Do not, we beseech you, postpone this claim *for a single day*; but help us, according to your ability, forthwith. However small may be your donation, it will be acceptable. If you can afford to give but one dollar, you can get another from your neighbor, two dollars from another, and five, or ten, from another; and thus make up twenty dollars or more—for which you can procure a single bill, and remit by post. It needs only that you resolve to do it, and all obstacles will vanish.

We are in earnest, and have no words, or time, to bestow unnecessarily on this appeal. It is enough that we tell you our wants. Let *Christmas-day* see us in funds to discharge every debt against the Society. Fifteen hundred, or, at most, two thousand dollars, will achieve this most desirable object. Our Treasurer's Report will be published in the Standard of next week, and will exhibit the expenditures to that time.

The liberality of our friends this summer, and the increase of subscribers to the Standard, would have placed our affairs on a comfortable basis, had it not been for old arrearages of debt, incurred when the division of the Society took place, before we had time to rally our forces.

Who will begin the *Christmas list*? Who will lead in clearing the Society of the just reproach of unpaid debts? To work, men and women, and boys and girls, every one with heart and nerve. We pray you not to let that day pass without seeing us emancipated from the burden of debt.

Signed for the Executive Committee.

JAMES S. GIBBONS.

TEXAS.

We trust abolitionists throughout the country will be awake and active, to resist any fresh attempt on the part of Texas to be admitted into the Union. There has been so often the cry of "Wolf! Wolf!" that the fierce, cunning beast may at last enter the sheep-fold, when no one heeds the cry. The information of a plot ripe for execution, be it remembered, comes to us from the southern press; and even if it prove a false alarm, no harm can come of taking precautionary measures; whereas incalculable mischief may arise from not taking them. Stir up all your neighbors to sign a petition. Write it in a plain hand, and on the back of it state, in large, distinct characters, "Petition against the admission of Texas. Signed by —— legal voters." The blank is left for the number, in figures. If women sign the same petition, state how many of the signers are women, and how many are legal voters. The following will answer for a form, which may be copied by any one who writes a plain, neat hand:

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, in Congress assembled:

Apprehending there is reason to fear renewed attempts on the part of Texas to enter this Union, we, the subscribers, of the town of ——, in the State of ——, respectfully and urgently petition Congress, in both its branches, to resist any such attempt; believing that such a step would be disgraceful to our country, and that by its inevitable tendency to perpetuate slavery and the internal slave trade, it must be highly dangerous to our best interests, and finally subversive of our free institutions.

PETITIONS.

We would likewise exhort abolitionists to keep on, through the whole winter, sending in petitions to Congress for the repeal of any gag that may exist; for abolition in the District of Columbia, and against the admission of Florida as a slave State. Against this last, particularly, let the remonstrance be loud and strong; because the danger is at our very door.

Forms of petition can be obtained at any anti-slavery office, or any person of common intelligence can write them. There are probably many petitions ready to send on at the opening of the session; but don't let the ball stop! If you will only throw it into Congress, the southerners will kick it enough to keep it in as lively a motion as you can desire. They can't help it, for the life of them: even if their wise ones do urge the impolicy of such movements. It is the nature of dissatisfied consciences to be restless, and reckless of consequences. They can never keep quiet, till they are willing to do right. Do *your* duty in the cause, and *they* can't help advancing it. It is one of the laws of Satan's kingdom, by which he and his votaries, unwittingly chain themselves to the car of righteousness. This is like Etzler's new invention, by which the very rolling and heaving of the vessel is converted into a moving power to send it straight ahead.

See to it that petitions go in, through the whole session. Those representatives who are brave enough to vindicate the right of petition at such troublesome odds, must be well sustained by those whom they are courageous enough to defend.

In every case, the signers should be counted, and the number written on the back of the petition. It would be well, likewise, to have it mentioned how many of them are legal voters. Names must not be copied, with the idea of giving the petitions a neat appearance; this leads to a suspicion of their genuineness.

THE FIRST-BOOK OF NATURAL HISTORY.

BY W. S. W. RUSCHENBERGER, M. D.

This little book, prepared for the use of schools and colleges, was handed us some time ago, by a friend who thought highly of it, and wished us to examine it. We conscientiously disapprove of puffing books upon slight inspection, from the amiable motive of obliging others; otherwise, we might have written a notice of this work the same day it came into our hands. Having looked through it carefully, with such judgment as we have, we come to the conclusion, that it is concisely and clearly written,

LETTERS FROM NEW-YORK.—No. 13.

In my last, I promised to give you an account of another colored heroine. You will probably think my description is colored, and highly, too; knowing, as you do, how largely nature has endowed me with imagination. All I can say in answer to this charge is, Go and hear Julia Pell for yourself; and you will then acknowledge that language has no power to describe her as she is.

A friend passing by the Methodist church in Elizabeth street, heard such loud and earnest noises issuing therefrom, that he stepped in to ascertain the cause. A colored woman was preaching to a full audience, and in a manner so remarkable that his attention was at once riveted. The account he gave, excited my curiosity, and I sought an interview with the woman, whom I ascertained to be Julia Pell, of Philadelphia, lately married to a Mr. White, but seldom called by her new name. I learned from her that her father was one of the innumerable tribe of fugitives from slavery, assisted by that indefatigable friend of the oppressed, Isaac T. Hopper. This was quite a pleasant surprise to the benevolent old gentleman, for he was not aware that any of Zeek's descendants were living; and it was highly interesting to him to find one of them in the person of this female Whitfield. Julia never knew her father by the name of Zeek; for that was his appellation in slavery, and she had known him only as a freeman. Zeek, it seems, had been "sold running," as the term is; that is, a purchaser had given a very small part of his original value, taking the risk of not catching him. In Philadelphia, a colored man, named Samuel Johnson, heard a gentleman making inquiries concerning a slave called Zeek, whom he had "bought running." "I know him very well," said Samuel; "as well as I do myself; he's a good-for-nothing chap; and you'll be better without him than with him." "Do you think so?" "Yes, if you gave what you say for him; it was a bite—that's all. He's a lazy, good-for-nothing dog; and you'd better sell your right in him the first chance you get." After some further talk, Samuel acknowledged that Zeek was his brother. The gentleman advised him to buy him; but Samuel protested that he was such a lazy, vicious dog, that he wanted nothing to do with him. The gentleman began to have so bad an opinion of his bargain, that he offered to sell the fugitive for sixty dollars. Samuel, with great apparent indifference, accepted the terms, and the necessary papers were drawn. Isaac T. Hopper was in the room during the whole transaction; and the colored man requested him to examine the papers to see that all was right. Being assured that everything was in due form, he inquired, "And is Zeek now free?" "Yes, entirely free." "Suppose I was Zeek, and that was the man that bought me; couldn't he take me?" "Not any more than he could take me," said Isaac. As soon as Samuel received this assurance, he made a low bow to the gentleman, and, with additional fun in a face always roguish, said, "Your servant, sir; I am Zeek!" The roguishness characteristic of her father is reflected in some degree in Julia's intelligent face; but imagination, uncultivated, yet highly poetic, is her leading characteristic.

Some have the idea that our destiny is prophesied in early presentiments; thus Hannah More, when a little child, used to play "go up to London and see the bishops"—an object for which she afterward sacrificed a large portion of her own moral independence and freedom of thought. In Julia Pell's case, "coming events cast their shadows before." I asked her when she thought she first "experienced religion." She replied, "When I was a little girl, father and mother used to go away to meeting on Sundays, and leave me and my brothers at home all day. So, I thought I'd hold class-meetings, as the Methodists did. The children all round in the neighborhood used to come to hear me preach. The neighbors complained that we made such a noise, shouting and singing; and every Monday father gave us a whipping. At last, he said to mother, 'I'm tired of beating these poor children every week, to satisfy our neighbors. I'll send for my sister to come, and she will stay at home on Sundays, and keep them out of mischief.' So my aunt was brought to take care of us; and the next Sunday, when the children came thronging to hear me preach, they were greatly disappointed indeed to hear me say, in a mournful way, 'We can't have any more meetings now; because aunt's come, and she wont let us.' When my aunt heard this, she seemed to pity me and the children; and she said if we would get through before the folks came home, we might hold a meeting; for she should like to see for herself what it was we did, that made such a fuss among the neighbors. Then we had a grand meeting. My aunt's heart was taken hold of that very day; and when we all began to sing, 'Come to the Saviour, poor sinner, come!' she cried, and I cried; and when we had done crying, the whole of us broke out singing 'Come to the Saviour.' That very instant I felt my heart leap up, as if a great load had been taken right off of it! That was the beginning of my getting religion; and for many years after that, I saw all the time a blue smoke rising before my eyes—the whole time, a blue smoke, rising, rising." As she spoke, she imitated the ascent of smoke, by a graceful, undulating motion of her hand.

"What do you suppose was the meaning of the blue smoke?" said I.

"I don't know, indeed, ma'am; but I always supposed it was my sins rising before me, from the bottomless pit."

She told me that when her mother died, some years after, she called her to her bed-side, and said, "Julia, the work of grace is only begun in you; You haven't got religion yet. When you can freely forgive all your enemies, and love to do them good, then you may know that the true work is completed within you." I thought the wisest schools of theology could not have established a better test.

I asked Julia, if she had ever tried to learn to read. She replied, "Yes, ma'am, I tried once; because I thought it would be such a convenience, if I could read the Bible for myself. I made good progress, and in a short time could spell B-a-k-e-r, as well as anybody. But it dragged my mind *down*. It dragged it *down*. When I tried to think, everything scattered away like smoke, and I could do nothing but spell. Once I got up in an evening meeting to speak; and when I wanted to say, 'Behold the days come,' I began 'B-a—.' I was dreadfully ashamed, and concluded I'd give up trying to learn to read."

These, and several other particulars, I learned of Julia, at the house of Isaac T. Hopper. When about to leave us, she said she felt moved to pray. Accordingly, we all remained in silence, while she poured forth a brief, but very impressive prayer for her venerable host; of whom she spoke as "that good old man, whom thou, O Lord, hast raised up to do such a blessed work for my down-trodden people."

Julia's quiet, dignified, and even lady-like deportment in the parlor, did not seem at all in keeping with what I had been told of her in the pulpit, with a voice like a sailor at mast-head, and muscular action like Garrick in mad Tom. On the Sunday following, I went to hear her for myself; and in good truth, I consider the event as an era in my life never to be forgotten. Such an odd jumbling together of all sorts of things in scripture, such wild fancies, beautiful, sublime, or grotesque, such vehemence of gesture, such dramatic attitudes, I never before heard and witnessed. I verily thought she would have leaped over the pulpit; and if she had, I was almost prepared to have seen her poise herself on unseen wings, above the wondering congregation.

I know not whether her dress was of her own choosing; but it was tastefully appropriate. A black silk gown, with plain, white cuffs; a white muslin handkerchief, folded neatly across the bust, and crossed by a broad black scarf, like that which bishops wear over the surplice.

She began with great moderation, gradually rising in her tones, until she arrived at the shouting pitch, common with Methodists. This she sustained for an incredible time, without taking breath, and with a huskiness of effort, that produced a painful sympathy in my own lungs. Imagine the following, thus uttered; that is, spoken without punctuation. "Silence in Heaven! The Lord said to Gabriel, bid all the angels keep silence. Go up into the third heavens, and tell the archangels to hush their golden harps. Let the mountains be filled with silence. Let the sea stop its roaring, and the earth be still. What's the matter now? Why, man has sinned, and who shall save him? Let there be silence, while God makes search for a Messiah. Go down to the earth; make haste, Gabriel, and inquire if any there are worthy; and Gabriel returned and said, No, not one. But don't be discouraged. Don't be discouraged, fellow sinners. God arose in his majesty, and he pointed to his own right hand, and said to Gabriel, Behold the lion of the tribe of Judah; he alone is worthy. He shall redeem my people."

You will observe that it was purely her own idea, that silence reigned on earth and in heaven, while search was made for a Messiah. It was a beautifully poetic conception, not unworthy of Milton.

Her description of the resurrection and the day of judgment, must have been terrific to most of her audience, and was highly exciting even to me, whose religious sympathies could never be roused by fear. Her figure looked strangely fantastic, and even supernatural, as she loomed up above the pulpit, to represent the spirits rising from their graves. So powerful was her rude eloquence, that it continually impressed me with grandeur, and once only excited a smile; that was when she described a saint striving to rise, "buried perhaps twenty feet deep, with three or four sinners a top of him."

With a power of imagination singularly strong and vivid, she described the resurrection of a young girl, who had died a sinner. Her body came from the grave, and her soul from the pit, where it had been tormented for many years. "The guilty spirit came up with the flames all around it—rolling—rolling—rolling." She suited the action to the word, as Siddons herself might have done. Then she described the body wailing and shrieking, "O Lord! must I take that ghost again? Must I be tormented with that burning ghost forever?"

Luckily for the excited feelings of her audience, she changed the scene, and brought before us the gospel ship, laden with saints, and bound for the heavenly shore. The majestic motion of a vessel on the heaving sea, and the fluttering of its pennon in the breeze, was imitated with wild gracefulness by the motion of her hands. "It touched the strand. Oh! it was a pretty morning! and at the first tap of Heaven's bell, the angels came crowding round, to bid them welcome. There you and I shall meet, my beloved fellow-travellers. Farewell—Farewell—I have it in my temporal feelings that I shall never set foot in this New-York again. Farewell on earth, but I shall meet you there," pointing reverently upward. "May we all be aboard that blessed ship." Shouts throughout the audience, "We will! We will!" Stirred by such responses, Julia broke out with redoubled fervor, "Farewell—farewell. Let the world say what they will of me, I shall surely meet you in Heaven's broad bay. Hell clutched me, but it hadn't energy enough to hold me. Farewell on earth. I shall meet you in the morning." Again and again she tossed her arms abroad, and uttered her wild "farewell;" responded to by the loud farewell of a whole congregation, like the shouts of an excited populace. Her last words were the poetic phrase, "*I shall meet you in the morning!*"

Her audience were wrought up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm I ever witnessed. "That's God's truth!" "Glory!" "Amen!" "Hallelujah!" resounded throughout the crowded house. Emotion vented itself in murmuring, stamping, shouting, singing, and wailing. It was like the uproar of a sea lashed by the winds.

You know that religion has always come to me in stillness; and that the machinery of theological excitement has ever been as powerless over my soul, as would be the exorcisms of a wizard. You are likewise aware of my tendency to *generalize;* to look at truth as *universal,* not merely in its particular relations; to observe human nature as a *whole,* and not in fragments. This propensity, greatly strengthened by the education of circumstances, has taught me to look calmly on all forms of religious opinion—not with the indifference, or the scorn, of unbelief; but with a friendly wish to discover everywhere the great central ideas common to all religious souls, though often re-appearing in the strangest disguises, and lisping or jabbering in the most untranslatable tones.

Yet combined as my religious character is, of quiet mysticism and the coolest rationality, will you believe me, I could scarcely refrain from shouting Hurra! for that heaven-bound ship; and the tears rolled down my cheeks, as that dusky priestess of eloquence reiterated her wild and solemn farewell.

If she gained such power over my spirit, there is no cause to marvel at the tremendous excitement throughout an audience so ignorant, and so keenly susceptible to outward impressions. I knew not how the high-wrought enthusiasm would be let down in safety. The shouts died away, and returned in shrill fragments of echoes, like the trembling vibrations of a harp, swept with a strong hand, to the powerful music of a war-song. Had I remembered a lively Methodist tune, as well as I recollected the words, I should have broke forth:

> "The gospel ship is sailing by!
> The Ark of safety now is nigh,
> Come, sinners, unto Jesus fly,
> Improve the day of grace.
> Oh, there'll be glory, hallelujah,
> When we arrive at home!"

The same instinct that guided me, impelled the audience to seek rest in music, for their panting spirits and quivering nerves. All joined spontaneously in singing an old familiar tune, more quiet than the bounding, billowy tones of my favorite Gospel Ship. Blessings on music! Like a gurgling brook to feverish lips, are sweet sounds to the heated and weary soul.

Everybody around me could sing; and the tones were soft and melodious. The gift of song is universal with Africans; and the fact is a prophetic one. Sculpture blossomed into its fullest perfection in a Physical Age, on which dawned the intellectual; Painting blossomed in an Intellectual Age, warmed by the rising sun of moral sentiment; and now music goes forward to its culmination in the coming Spiritual Age. Now is the time that Ethiopa begins "to stretch forth her hands." Her soul, so long silenced, will yet utter itself in music's highest harmony.

When the audience paused, Mr. Matthews, their pastor, rose to address them. He is a most excellent, and religious-minded man, to whose good influence, Julia owes, under God, her present state of mind. She always calls him, "father," and speaks of him with the most affectionate and grateful reverence. At one period of her life, it seems that she was led astray by temptations, which peculiarly infest the path of colored women in large cities; but ever since her "conversion to God," she has been strictly exemplary in her walk and conversation. In her own expressive language, "Hell clutched her, but had'n't energy enough to hold her." The missteps of her youth are now eagerly recalled by those who love to stir polluted waters; and they are brought forward as reasons why she ought not to be allowed to preach. I was surprised to learn that to this prejudice was added another, against women's preaching. This seemed a strange idea for Methodists, some of whose brightest ornaments have been women preachers. As far back as Adam Clarke's time, his objections were met by the answer, "If an *Ass* reproved Balaam, and a *barn-door fowl* reproved Peter, why should'n't a *woman* reprove sin?"

This classification with donkeys and fowls is certainly not very complimentory. The first comparison I heard most wittily replied to, in an anti-slavery meeting, by a colored woman who had once been a slave. "Maybe a speaking woman *is* like an Ass," said she; "but I can tell you one thing—the Ass saw the angel, when Balaam did'n't."

Julia told me that she had had, "a very troubled dispensation" with regard to this prejudice. Farther Matthews was the only one that would allow her to enter his pulpit; though there are in this city four Methodist churches for colored people. This change in Methodist discipline, it seems, was first urged by a colored minister, who was a member of the former committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society. He was probably affected by Presbyterian influence, without being conscious of it. How oddly are truths, and their antagonist falsehoods, linked together in the circumstances of this strange world.

Father Matthews, after apologizing for various misquotations of scripture, on the ground of Julia's inability to read, alled: "But the Lord has evidently called this woman to a great work. He has made her mighty to the salvation of many souls, as a cloud of witnesses can testify. Some say she ought not to preach, because she is a woman. But I say, 'Let the Lord send by whom he *will* send.' Let everybody that has a message, deliver it—whether they be man or woman, white or colored! Some say women must'n't preach, because they were first in the transgression; but it seems to me hard that if they helped us *into* sin, they should'n't be suffered to help us *out*. I say, 'Let the Lord send by whom he *will* send;' and my pulpit shall be always open."

Thus did the liberal man instil a free principle into those uneducated minds, like gleams of light through the chinks of a cellar. Who can foretell its manifold and ever-increasing results in the history of that long-crippled race? Verily great is the Advent of a true Idea, made manifest to men; and great are the miracles it works—making the blind to see, and the lame to walk.—L. M. C.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

This arrives too late to leave room for copious extracts. It says nothing on the subject of slavery or abolition petitions. With regard to complaints of losses incurred by American merchants on the coast of Africa, searched by British cruisers, it states the importance of "urging Great Britain to full and ample remuneration for all losses, whether arising from detention or otherwise, to which American citizens have heretofore been, or may hereafter, be subjected, by the exercise of rights which this government cannot recognize as legitimate and proper.

"However desirous the U. States may be for the suppression of the slave trade, they cannot consent to interpolation into the maritime code, at the mere will and pleasure of other governments. We deny the right of any such interpolation to any one, or all the nations of the earth, without our consent.

"This government, at the same time, will relax no effort to prevent its citizens, if there be any so disposed, from prosecuting a traffic so revolting to the feelings of humanity. It seeks to do no more than to protect the fair and honest trader from molestation and injury; but while the enterprising mariner, engaged in the pursuit of an honorable trade, is entitled to its protection, it will visit with condign punishment others of an opposite character.

"I invite your attention to existing laws for the suppression of the African slave trade, and recommend all such alterations as may give to them greater force and efficacy. That the American flag is grossly abused by the abandoned and profligate of other nations is but too probable. Congress has, not long since, had this subject under its consideration, and its importance well justifies renewed and anxious attention."

It announces that the joint commission to ascertain the boundary line of Texas, had concluded its labors, but the report had not yet been received. "It is understood, however, that the meridian line as traced by the commission, lies somewhat farther east than the position hitherto assigned to it, and, consequently, includes in Texas some part of the territory which had been considered as belonging to the States of Louisiana and Arkansas.

"The United States cannot but take a deep interest in whatever relates to this young, but growing Republic. Settled principally by emigrants from the United States; we have the happiness to know that the great principles of civil liberty are there destined to flourish, under *wise institutions and wholesome laws;* and that, through its example, another evidence is to be afforded of the capacity of popular institutions to advance the prosperity, happiness, and permanent glory of the human race. The great truth, that government was made for the people, and not the people for government, has already been established in the practice and by the example of these United States; and we can do no other than contemplate its farther exemplification by a sister Republic, with the deepest interest."

The italics are our own. Are not these flattering remarks about Texas significant?

J. Q. Adams moved that the XXIst Rule of the House, (excluding Abolition Petitions,) be rescinded. The resolution was defeated by a majority of *three* votes. [Yeas 84, Nays 87.] The subject will come up at a more favorable time.

Anti-Slavery Items.

Holland.—Joseph J. Gurney, and his celebrated sister, Elizabeth Fry, have been pleading the cause of emancipation in Holland and Denmark, with great success.—Meetings for that express purpose were held at Rotterdam, the Hague, &c.; they were largely attended, and much interest excited. J. J. Gurney's visit to the West Indies enabled him to bring forward very conclusive facts to prove the advantages of free labor. The king and queen of the Netherlands gave audience to these embassadors of benevolence, heard very respectfully their opinions and suggestions on the subject of slavery and prisons, and promised to consider seriously their wishes and remarks. A memorial has been sent to the king, through the medium of the British ambassador. The king and queen of Denmark likewise received these Friends with great respect, and they are said to have made a deep impression on the royal mind on the subject of slavery.

Tunis.—The Bey of Tunis encounters difficulties and unpopularity in his attempt to abolish slavery throughout his territories; for "there are many proprietors of slaves who possess from two to three thousand each, and who naturally look for indemnification in some mode or other, whenever their emancipation may be effected."

He is zealously sustained and assisted by Sir Thomas Reade, the British Consul General at Tunis. The Bey gives good proof of being in earnest. He has abolished all the public slave-markets in the regency, *the buildings of which have been actually pulled down.* There is little doubt that he will ultimately emancipate every slave in the regency.

The Emancipator.—We accidentally omitted in our last to announce that the Emancipator has united with the Free American, to be conducted by Mr. Leavitt, who will reside in Boston.

Habeas Corpus for Slaves.—David Ruggles at New Bedford, petitioned for a writ of Habeas Corpus, on the belief that Captain Palmer, of the schooner John Hughes, from Newbern, N. C. held two colored seamen unlawfully, with intent to carry them back into slavery against their will. The case was brought in Boston, before Judge Wilde. Ellis G. Loring appeared in behalf of Ruggles, the petitioner, and Franklin Dexter for McIlvin, the owner of the slaves.

After a hearing of the evidence, Judge Wilde examined the men privately, and told them they might take their choice, to stay at the North and be free, or go back to their master. They seemed to like the idea of being free if they could go back to their homes; but they had wives and children in Newbern, whom they said they could not think of leaving. They were, therefore, sent back to the schooner whence they had been taken.

Enlightened Patriotism.—The Protectionist says the following is an exact copy of a notice, posted up in Van Buren township, Madison county, the day of the last election.

"Act of 1841 Be it enacted By the generale assembley of the state of van buren township that no Abolichenor shall be aloued to vote at the poals Bair armes in the Military servis wourke Roads pay pole tax or Bee A witness for or against awhite Man or A Dutch Man or to hold any ofice of trust Or profit this law to be in forse From and after its paishegg the 1 day of september 1841"

Imprisoned Abolitionists.—The three young men sentenced to twelve years imprisonment, in Missouri, for aiding slaves to escape, have appealed to the Supreme Court, by which it is hoped they will be released.

Slavery in Ohio.—According to the census, there are three slaves in Ohio. Our newspapers publish the statement without comment. It is a disgrace to the State.—There are no slaves in Ohio, and can be none. We hope Mr. Giddings, or some one of our representatives who feel some concern for the honor of the State, will inquire into this matter.—*Cincinnati Philanthropist.*

The Price of Blood.—We once heard an agent for the American Board say, that in soliciting funds in a slave State, he called on a lady who was greatly interested in the cause of Missions, but who thought she was too poor to give anything. But on reflection, she said, "I shall sell one of my slaves in a few days, and I will give five dollars."

Biting off one's own Nose to put out another's Eyes.—The Philanthropist states that murders are committed, houses fired, and criminals suffered to escape in Cincinnati, owing to the inefficiency of the police. But the City Council refuse to strengthen it, and discourage the organization of citizen's companies, *for fear the abolitionists should be gainers thereby!*

The Spirit for a Freeman!—Mr. Clark, of the Logan Gazette, Bellefontaine, Ohio, being requested to insert a slaveholder's advertisement, answered thus:—

"☞ We would inform the gentleman who sent us for publication an advertisement of *Runaway slaves,* that we cannot prostitute our columns for such a purpose. We are not an abolitionist by any means; but we cannot permit ourself to be instrumental in supporting and sustaining the "peculiar institution" of the South. While the laws of our State, tie up the hands of every citizen, and prohibit his assisting slaves to escape, our *conscience* restrains us from being accessary, in any way, to their recapture."

Colonization.—When a Committee was appointed, in 1822, to report a Constitution for a Massachusetts Colonization Society, Daniel Webster said in the committee—"I see through this business. *It is a scheme of the southern slaveholders to get rid of their free negroes.* I'll have nothing to do with it." The attempt to form a society fell through; and never was renewed, until recently, when Dr. Woods of Andover, Mr. Gannett of Boston, &c. held a meeting to see if this dead body could not be set in motion by pulling artificial wires.

Maryland.—The citizens of Howard District, Maryland, have lost all patience at the amount of their property which takes legs and runs away. They have sent in a memorial to the Legislature, setting forth that "the slaveholder must abandon his property, or the Legislature must afford a remedy, or they must right themselves by appealing to the first law of nature." The following measures are suggested as of imperious necessity:—

"No free negro must be allowed, under any circumstances, to come within the limits of the State, for any, the smallest period of time; that if any shall do so, he shall be a slave for life to the person who takes him up, and shall sell him out of the State; that if a free negro, so coming in, shall escape, he shall be deemed guilty of a felony, and be punished by the officers of the State; that all restriction upon the introduction of slaves for life into the State be at once removed; that no negro shall be allowed to be manumitted under any circumstances—the powers and rights of the Colonization Society being an absolute failure in this respect, as a portion of this district are unhappily made to know at this time from experience. That the railroad companies be prohibited from carrying in their cars any negro whatever, unless accompanied by a white man who claims such negro as a slave. That any free negro, who shall pass beyond the limits of the State, shall be deemed a free negro from another State, on his return, and shall be in some way punished. That any person who shall attempt to deter or dissuade an officer or citizen from attempting to carry into effect the laws in relation to free negroes, or to discountenance him in, or bring contempt upon him, for doing the same, shall be severely fined, for the benefit of the officer or citizen whose duties shall be so interfered with. That the Governor shall appoint five slaveholders, in each election district and ward in the State, whose duty it shall be to see that the officers of the peace enforce the laws relative to the colored population, and who shall annually report to the Legislature, and particularly the number of runaway negroes, and what has prevented the capture of such as have escaped.

And that the Legislature require of Congress to pass laws to aid in securing the capture of runaway slaves, and particularly to prohibit negro testimony in such cases.

And your memorialists further ask, that if the Legislature should decline passing laws to this effect for the State, that so far as they may be made applicable, they be passed for Howard District."

Anti-Slavery Church.—A new church has recently been organized at Utica, composed of seceders from other churches, principally on the ground of their pro-slavery character.

THE ONE DOLLAR PLAN.

The following was passed unanimously at the late anniversary:

Resolved, That every friend of the American Anti-Slavery Society be earnestly recommended to pay into the Treasury of the Society, during the present year, a sum not less than ONE DOLLAR; that every auxiliary Society be advised to urge this recommendation upon the friends of the cause in its vicinity; that the Executive Committee be requested to publish weekly in the Standard an account of the moneys that may be received into the treasury under this proposition.

In compliance with this resolution, we shall set apart corner of the paper for the acknowledgment of these ONE DOLLAR RECEIPTS, distinct from the Treasurer's usual account. We trust our friends were in earnest, when they voted for this resolution, and that they will not forget the obligation it imposes upon them. Those who give larger sums will still do well to add this small donation to the list. It is very important that the Society should have some *certain* data to go upon, as a basis for pecuniary arrangements.

PAYMENT RECEIVED.

Amount previously acknowledged		$889 00
890	Andrew Robinson, New Bedford, Mass.	1 00
891	John F. Emerson, " "	1 00
892	Wm. Simpson, Woonsocket Falls, R. I.	1 00
893	Rebecca Coates, Sandusky, Ohio,	1 00
894	Rachel Coates, " "	1 00
895	Alpheus Cowles, Geneva, "	1 00
896	Phineas Pixley, " "	1 00
897	Cash, " "	1 00

TREASURER'S RECEIPTS

For the week ending 12th mo. (Dec.) 7th.

Received for the Standard.—Isaac Hatch, New-York city, $1; Joseph Marshall, Fairport, Chemung county, N. Y. $2; Henry Collins, do. 1; Louisa Allen, Dedham, Mass. $2; Mary R. Macy, Nantucket, $1; H. W. Abbot, Andover, Mass. $1 43; Horace W. Hale, Addison, Vt. $4. The following persons, of Cumberland Hill, R. I. have each paid $1 43, viz: Alexander Ballou, Samuel E. Reynolds, Ephraim Knapp, Mrs. Hutchinson, Pearly Ann Baxter, Thomas Carpenter, Barton Cook, and Mr. Follett. George Law, $1; Samuel D. Peck, $2; Daniel F. Knapp, $2; all of Woonsocket Falls, R. I. Alfred Morse and John M. Daniels, of Smithfield, R. I. each $2; Dea. Ansel Holman, Jacobs & Earle, and Col. Ralph Tracy, of Slatersville, R. I. each $1; A. Tracy, Oberlin, Lorain co. Ohio, $2; Wm. Thorn, Swithen Gummer, David Kuster, Gideon Blosson, and Jonathan Pierce, of Cortsville, Clark co. Ohio, each $1 50; Michael Cables, Jackson county, Michigan, (previously omitted,) $10 50—$56 56.

ISAAC T. HOPPER, Treasurer.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign Items.

Important from Central America.—We learn by the way of Jamaica, that the English have commenced warlike operations in Central America.

The British sloop-of-war Electra, sailed from Jamaica late in October for Honduras, carrying despatches from the Governor to the Superintendant at Balize, ordering an immediate advance of troops into the territory of Guatemala, to demand the liberation of British subjects arrested there. In case of refusal, force was to be used.

The senior officer at Port Royal, was about proceeding with his sloop-of-war, the Vestal, to Carthagena, to look after the interests of British subjects there, during the blockade and siege.

It thus appears that England is moving vigorously, and will probably soon be in possession of the fine, rich States of Central America.

Population.—The population of Great Britain and Ireland, according to the census of 1841, amounts to upwards of twenty-seven millions of souls—an increase of about two millions in the last ten years. Add to this the population of her colonies, and the subjects of the British crown are more numerous than of any other civilized government on the face of the globe.

Queen Victoria, it is estimated, is the Sovereign of a hundred millions of subjects, including India and Australia—a larger portion of the human race than has ever obeyed any one European Sovereign, since the downfall of the Roman Empire. The population of the other great powers of Europe and America is pretty nearly as follows:

France thirty-five millions, of whom thirty-three are Frenchmen in the proper sense of the term, and about two millions of Algerines or French colonists; Austria thirty millions, composed of Germans, Hungarians, Italians, and Illyrians; Prussia about fourteen to fifteen millions of Germans; and the United States fourteen millions of freemen chiefly of the Anglo Saxon race, and three millions of negroes, chiefly slaves.—*National Intelligencer.*

Greece.—A letter from Athens, in the National Intelligencer, makes the following statements:

"Since my last, the country has presented one of the most extraordinary appearances that can well be conceived. There is no disguising the regret that not only the people, but the king himself, has felt, and does feel, at Mavrocordato's resignation; and it is supposed that the king, seeing the loss he has sustained, is more anxious than ever to conciliate his independent minister.—The Bavarians, of whom we were in hopes to have been entirely rid, are on the point of again coming into power, and will probably, ere long, refill the posts that it was Mavrocordato's first duty to give to his countrymen. The poor king is frightened out of his wits at the cries of revolution, murder, dethronement, &c. which are brought to his ears; and for some few days the guards around the palace were tripled, and the streets presented an appearance rather of a town preparing for a siege than one enjoying peace in the centre of Europe. No doubt exists as to the *wherreabouts* the origin of such reports proceeds; but it is likely they will fail in their effect, as it is now doubted if any design actually was in existence against the life of his Majesty, King Otho. The struggle now appears to be a civil one between the Greeks and Bavarians. The Minister of War has several times tendered his resignation, because, according to report, the Bavarians are to rule the roost; and when his Majesty has hesitated in accepting it, in step the Bavarians, and declare that, as Mr. Metaxa (Minister of War) cannot *appreciate* their services, they must consequently resign. So the game continues, and will probably continue till either the Greeks or Bavarians gain the ascendency."

Christian Drunkards a Nuisance to the Temperate Turks.—We copy the following from the *Manzari Shark,* which means the Oriental Observer:—

"The Porte has issued a circular to the foreign missions, requesting them to direct such of their subjects as at present inhabit Turkish quarters, to quit them and take up their residence in the Christian parishes. Some of the Franks, when here, forget altogether, that they are in Turkey, and behave as if they were at home, to the great annoyance of quiet Musselman families. The Frank quarter of Pera is often turned into a kind of Pandemonium, particularly during the early part of the night. Young men, *Bacchi plenus,* enter into disputes, heads are broken, sober friends interfere, and try to pacify the combatants, and the slumbers of people who seek their couches between 10 and 11 o'clock, are frequently broken in this way. As long as these scenes occur in Pera, the police does not interfere in the least; but in a *Turkish* quarter such doings are, with justice, considered intolerable."

Schism in the Romish Church.—There is a fierce controversy among the Catholics of British India. One appeals to the Pope as spiritual head, and the British government as their civil head; the other renders allegiance to the Bishop of Meliapore, and the government of Portugal. The one party declare the present Vicar-Apostolic is no Vicar-Apostolic at all; while the nearest unquestionable authority says that he is. The Vicar-Apostolic suspends a popish minister. The other party oppose his suspension, and the government do not interfere. One set of priests are fulminating their anathemas against the other. Jesuits are contending with Dominicans and Franciscans, and the poor bewildered laity are thinking for themselves, and impertinently asking strange questions about the inquisition.

Missionaries.—The Catholic Herald states that the Emperor of Cochin China has recently put to death ten Catholic Missionaries.

General Items.

Report in favor of the Abolition of the Punishment of Death, made to the Legislature of New-York, April, 1841, By John L. O'Sullivan, Member of Assembly from the City. A second edition of this work has been published in New-York by J. & H. G. Langley, with a neatness of style and execution, that characterizes whatever comes from their press. We have before spoken of the ability and research manifested in this Report, and of the spirit of true Christian kindness that pervades it. Those who wish to see a rational humanity take the place of blind retaliation, in our criminal code, cannot do a better thing than to purchase this Report to lend to their neighbors, or give to town and Lyceum libraries.

A Disgrace to the Age.—The court of Newcastle county, Delaware, was in session last week. Several persons were convicted of larceny, and sentenced to receive twenty-one lashes on the bare back. One man pleaded guilty to three indictments, and was sentenced to receive twenty-one lashes for each indictment. But a more extraordinary sentence is that of a young girl, who pleaded guilty on ten different indictments for larceny; she was sentenced to pay two-fold value of goods stolen to the owners, to wear ten T's on her outer garment, and to receive twenty-one lashes on the bare back, well laid on, in each case, making 210 in all. The Governor humanely remitted the whipping. Unless the judge was *compelled* by law to pass such a sentence, he is a disgrace to the Bench, to the country, and to the human race. If the law did compel him, the legislators of Delaware must make haste to sweep it from the statute-book, if they would be considered within the pale of common humanity, or common decency.

Awful Accident.—A boat with three men lately went over the Falls of Niagara. It is supposed to have been struck by a squall, and being heavily loaded with six barrels of whisky, sunk—the wretched men on board being swept by the resistless current down the American rapids and over the frightful precipice below. The names of two were Jehiel D. Kinney and John York, and the other was a stranger, who had merely taken passage for Canada. The two former were from Nova Scotia—Kinney had kept tavern eight miles below the Falls for two years past, and left a wife and two children. Part of one of the mangled bodies is said to have been found.

Elder Knapp and the Press.—It is stated in the Providence papers that Elder Knapp, whose successful labors in promoting revivals of religion are well known, has been sued for slander, on account of some remarks alledged to have been made by him in the pulpit, derogatory to the character of a lady and her family.

In one of his sermons, he spoke of Universalists with severity, and asked a question which this lady arose and answered. At subsequent meetings he is said to have assailed her character and that of her family. The damages are laid at $10,000.

A Negro Shot.—A few nights since, a negro was shot by a boy, 13 years of age, while entering his mother's house, in Springfield, near Vicksburg. The negro had been hunted off before, and returning, made his way up to the door in the dead of the night, when the boy shot him.

Literary Visiters.—Professor Wilson, of Blackwoods' Magazine, is expected to visit this country in the Spring; and Charles Dickens, alias Boz, will probably arrive in the January packet.

Statue of Washington.—This colossal statue is placed in the Rotunda at Washington, without the slightest injury either to the statue or any person engaged in the removal. Its weight is fourteen tons.

La Fontaine.—These celebrated Fables, so popular with the French people, are now published in splendid style with beautiful plates. Translated by Elizur Wright, formerly Secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

Kidnapping.—The Free American states, that twelve colored men were shipped a few months since at Boston, in a vessel owned by Fairfield and Lincoln, Commercial wharf, bound for New Orleans. The vessel returned lately, leaving seven of these freemen in the chain gang at New-Orleans. "The North has nothing to do with slavery."

Indian Murders.—The family of Mr. Overstreet, near Mineral Springs, Florida, were lately attacked by a band of Indians. Two of the children were killed, his wife and two children wounded, and the house burned to the ground.

Murder.—A man named R. O. Kirkwood, was recently murdered at Grand Gulf, Mississippi, because he was "*suspected* of entertaining *abolition principles.*"

FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

Making Candles.—The season of the year has arrived for families in the country to make up their supply of candles for the year, and as much trouble and extra labor is occasioned by want of skill, I will, in order to enable people to obviate this, give some brief directions for dipping candles.

The tallow, when completely melted, should be ladled into a wooden vessel of convenient width and depth, which has been previously heated by filling it with boiling water for an hour or more. Fill the vessel within an inch of the top with melted tallow, and keep it that height by adding hot tallow or hot water. By this means, the candles will be kept of a full size at the top, and not taper off to a point, as is often seen with country candles.

The tallow, when used for dipping candles, should not be too hot. A temperature that will allow the finger to be dipped in without burning, is sufficiently hot, and at this temperature, the candles will take on the tallow very fast. The wicks should be lowered into the melted tallow gradually, and should be lifted out of the tallow so slowly, that when the bottom of the candles is clear from the surface of the melted tallow, no tallow will run off the candle. When the candles are raised quick out of the melted tallow, the tallow will run off the candles in a stream, whereas, if the candles are raised out slowly, not a particle of tallow will fall from the candles. A few trials will satisfy any person in this matter. If the tallow is boiling hot, the wick will not take on the tallow to any considerable extent. When candles are raised out of the tallow rapidly, the candles will be large at the bottom, and the tallow will extend below the wick, so that when burnt in the candlestick, a piece of the candle will have no wick in it; and therefore, for burning, will be useless. Where persons have no suitable wooden vessel, an iron vessel will answer for a dipping vessel.—When tallow has been thoroughly melted over the fire, should it be dirty or impure, throw into it while hot, a small quantity of finely powdered alum; and in a short time, a scum will be seen rising to the surface, in appearance like a dirty froth. Skim this off as it rises. This scum will rise for half an hour or more. These directions are plain and easily complied with, and one trial will be satisfactory. Persons, by following these directions, will save more than one half the usual labor of making candles, besides having better candles. I speak from abundant experience, and therefore, with full confidence.—*Journal of Commerce.*

Preserving Pork.—It is generally the practice of farmers, I believe, to scald their old brine before putting it on their pork; and so absolutely necessary is it supposed to be, by most people, that nothing short of the price of their pork, would induce them to use their old brine without first scalding it. Now, allow me confidently to say that the idea is erroneous, and the practice entirely useless. If your old brine is sweet and good, and has kept your old pork good, depend upon it, it will keep the new. For what possible reason is there to suppose that brine which will keep old pork, will not keep new also? It may be said that the brine is full of matter which it has received from the old pork. True, it is, and therefore it cannot extract the best juices of the new. For eight successive years I assisted in putting down pork, and pouring upon it the same brine, without being once scalded; and the older the brine, the sweeter and better was the pork. The brine was always sweet, and had plenty of salt at the bottom. The pork was laid down in the usual manner, with salt, and the old brine poured back upon it. The advantages are, having better pork, besides a saving of labor and trouble.—*New Genesee Farmer.*

FOR FARMERS.

Kidney Worms.—There is not the slightest excuse for any farmer allowing his hogs to die from this disease. In addition to the testimony of Drs. Kirkland and Martin, and of others who have proved it, we can add our own. A few days, or if needful, weeks, feeding on corn boiled in ley, will cure almost any case of Kidney worm. Where the dragging of the hind quarters is occasioned by this complaint, there is not a doubt but this will effect a cure. The cruel process of cutting into the flesh of the back over the kidneys, and pouring in spirit of turpentine, even were it a certain cure, may thus be dispensed with.

Meal and Milk for Chickens.—We purchased a pair of unusually fat chickens from a country wagon a few days since, and had the curiosity to inquire of the seller how he succeeded in getting them so fat. His reply was that

Poetry.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE OLD CHURCH.

BY CLEVELAND COX.

Deserted and ruined churches not unfrequently arrest the attention of the traveller in the South. If every building for worship were so in that land of whips and chains, it would well represent the inward ruin.—*Ed. Standard.*

There, it stands, the Old Church, on the common, alone,
With the moss and the lichen grown gray;
Its roof is all sunken, its doors are broke down,
And in "window'd raggedness" dark seems its frown
On each mortal, who chanceth this way.

Like a skeleton bare, in the moon's silver ray,
That old building stands out 'mongst the dead;
And the trav'ller in passing, stops short on his way,
Gazing up at that picture of ghastly decay—
Whence every thing living hath fled.

There was joy in Heaven, and rejoicing on earth,
When the stone of that corner was laid;
"The wilderness bloom'd like the rose at its birth,"
It brought the "glad tidings of peace" to each hearth—
For it gather'd the flock which had stray'd.

Let us enter that Ruin, and stroll down its aisle,
Let us muse on its glory o'erthrown—
See, the walls are distained by the scrawls of the vile,
And hands, sacrilegious have plunder'd the pile—
And its pavement with grass is o'ergrown.

Yet once, it was glorious;—its aspect was grand—
And as smooth as the velvet, its green,
Which was trod by the great and the gay of this land,
Whose grave-stones in ruins around it now stand,
Like their spectres, still haunting the scene.

It was here that in grandeur and wealth they once roll'd,
And that Beauty enchanted the eye,
When bedeck'd with her jewels and glitt'ring with gold,
She stepp'd from her chariot all bright to behold,
And her bosom, with pride, beating high.

What a change since that time!—how their riches have flown,
Scarce a name on their tomb can be found;
For, old Time hath unchisell'd the letters of stone,
And the slabs are all green with the moss o'ergrown,
And half buried they lie in the ground.

Thou art ruined, old Fane! yes, the arrow hath sped,
And the iron hath enter'd, indeed;
Yet thousands; yea, thousands have risen in thy stead,
Thy glory is vanish'd, but thy spirit not fled,
For "the blood of the Martyrs is seed."

From the Ladies' Companion for November.

HEAVEN IS OVER ALL.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

In weary paths, my precious boy,
Your faltering feet must fall;
But bear in mind where'er you go,
That Heaven is over all!

You're tripping through a garden now,
Where Childhood loves to play,
And kind hands pull the flowers for you,
And throw the thorns away;

And softly falls the tender light—
The breeze—'tis joy to breathe it!
And if, perchance, a shower descends,
New blossoms wake beneath it;

But by and by you'll leave your bower,
And "go your ways" alone,
With but a chance companion, love,
Across your pathway thrown;

And sometimes in the desert bare,
Grief's bitter tears must fall,
But bear in mind, my boy, e'en there,
That Heaven is over all!

And sometimes over flinty rocks,
Your tender feet must stray;
And sometimes in a tangled wood,
You'll almost lose your way;

And oft you'll sigh for Childhood's home,
When gloomy scenes appall,
Oh! bear in mind, where'er you roam,
That Heaven is over all!

Be sure a sunbeam, thro' that wood,
Will light you on your way;
Be sure within that solitude,
Some living fount will play.

And tho' the flinty rock should fret,
Full long your weary feet,
There's moss upon its bosom yet,
Will make a pillow sweet.

And now and then a balmy air,
With dews [illegible]
And lovely blossoms, here and there,
Will bless you with their bloom.

But if the clouds should hide the sky,
And blinding rain should fall,
Remember, God is always nigh,
And Heaven is over all!

Now—now, while yet in Childhood's bower,
With that wild way in view,
Oh! *put your little hands in His,*
And he will lead you through!

For if, with pure and patient heart,
With firm resolve and high,
You tread the path appointed, love,
And pass Temptation by;

A fairer home than Childhood's home,
A fonder love than ours,
Await you at your journey's end,
In Heaven's own balmy bowers.

Where'er you go—in weal or wo,
Whatever fate befall,
In sunny glade, in forest shade,
That *Heaven is over all!*

I HAE NAEBODY NOW.

I hae naebody now, I hae naebody now,
To meet me on the green,
Wi' light locks waving o'er her brow,
An' joy in her deep, blue-een;
Wi' the raptured kiss, and the happy smile,
An' the dance o' the lightsome fay,
An' the wee bit tale o' news the while,
That had happened when I was away.

I hae naebody now, I hae naebody now,
To clasp to my bosom at e'en,
O'er her calm sleep to breathe the vow,
An' pray for a blessing from heaven—
An' the wild embrace, an' the gleesome face,
In the morning that met my eye.
Where are they now, where are they now?
In the cauld, cauld grave they be.

There 's naebody kens, there 's naebody kens,
And O, may they never prove
That sharpest degree o' agony
For the child o' their earthly love—
To see a flower, in its vernal hour,
By slow degrees decay,
Then calmly aneath the hand o' death,
Breathe its sweet soul away.

Whether men sow or reap the fields,
Her admonitions Nature yields;
That not by bread alone we live,
Or what a hand of flesh can give;
That every day should leave some part
Free for a sabbath of the heart.—*Wordsworth.*

Miscellany.

JONATHAN JEFFERSON WHITLAW:

OR

LIFE IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

CHAPTER LI.

It must be observed, that on all occasions when Lynch-law is administered, the real instigators never appear. It passes for the work of passion—a sense of injury—or overwrought enthusiasm on the part of the people; but never as the concerted project of a set of men, who, finding the laws incapable of giving authority as uncompromising as they wish to the iniquitous system which they are determined to pursue, though their country should fall to pieces in the struggle, have devised this appalling means to work their will. Even Hogstown, therefore, though only himself an agent acting as the spring to set this terrific machine in motion, had disappeared; and the throng rushed on with no leader but their whim and their will, and no command to obey beyond a general standing order to pillage, slay, and destroy to the best of their power.

"What! jest going to start, by G—d!" exclaimed a fellow who walked beside the gallows, with a rope in his hand, as if in readiness to put in practice upon a real man, the operation already performed on the straw figures dangling from the frame which his companions bore along. "Stop! you nigger—quit, if you please, handling our property; bide still, you old black rag, and get out of the way—or maybe, slave as you are, you may be crushed as slick as if you were a canting white.—Now, then, my boys! One brave shout before we set to—hurrah!"

"Hurrah!" screamed the multitude; and in the next moment they were half suffocating each other in their efforts to pass through the doors and windows of the house in search of their prey.

"Had we best bide their coming out again, mother?" said Cæsar.

"Yes, Cæsar," replied the old woman, firmly.—"They never spill slave blood if they can help it: because, as they say, it costs money; and we have nothing to do but answer their questions. Remember—the whole family set off for the wharf a Natchez, by the round-about wagon-road, just two hours ago."

"Good!" answered Cæsar, composedly; "I shan't blunder."

The two slaves then remained stationed very quietly, as if waiting for orders; Juno leaning against the end of the wagon; and Cæsar caressing the horses' heads with an air of the greatest indifference as to what those orders should be.

In a few minutes, the rioters, amounting to at least sixty or seventy men, poured out again from the house upon the lawn, and Cæsar and the old woman immediately became the centre of the throng.

"Where are all the d——d rogues and rascals belonging to this here house?" began the inquirer who screamed loudest. "You'd best be after telling us at once, you niggers, or we'll have your brains out, if we're obligated to have a subscription among us, afterwards, to pay for ye."

"I'll tell all I know, gentlemen," said Cæsar; "and I can tell no more if you cut me in slices."

"Well! that's a fact at any rate. Speak, then, sheep's head,—where are they all got to?"

"They must be, as nearly as I can guess, gentlemen, ten miles out of twelve of the big wagon-road to Natchez. The Dearborn is as light as a feather, and they've got the young baron's fine pair of horses."

"And how in the devil's name did they hear we were coming that long ago?" said one.

"Not possible!" cried another, "for we didn't hardly know as we was to start ourselves by then."

"God love ye, gentlemen!" said Cæsar, grinning with a look of admirable ease and fun, "they knowed no more about you than the man in the moon, or maybe they wouldn't have gone Natchez way, I'm thinking."

"D—d true that, too," cried a shrewd fellow, who was beginning to handle some of the packages; "and you, I expect, Master Mungo, was to follow 'em with the rest of their plunder?"

"Yes, sir," replied Cæsar, very civilly.

"Then we're stumpt pretty considerable, I expect," observed the gentleman who bore the rope.

"I vote for setting fire to the premises," said one; "I don't like to be had out this way for nothing."

"That's a fact," answered his neighbor; "and if we make a blaze and an uproar, we shall get the Spanish wheels at any rate."

"To it, then!" cried many voices at once. "Go to the kitchen hearth, you old crocodile, and fetch us a brand: and you too, Mungo—scamper to save your life."

Cæsar darted off like an arrow; while Juno followed him at the best pace she could, assailed as she went by abuse, shouts of laughter, and any light articles at hand that could, without much trouble, be thrown after her.

Cæsar's quick return, with a glowing brand in each hand, and showing his teeth from ear to ear, did much, not only in securing his own safety, but in removing all doubts as to the truth of his statement.

"He'd never be so ready and slick to burn down the house, if he expected 'em back again, that's a fact," observed a fellow who had seized one of the firebrands from his hand. And in truth the safety of the negroes was fully secured, and their very existence forgotten in the excitement which followed. The most combustible articles of furniture were rapidly collected together from various rooms by a dozen active hands, and piled together in the middle of the large sitting-room; and to this the fire was applied. The blaze rose as rapid and as destructive as the most zealous of these *ministers of justice* could desire; and the dry and abundant wood-work of the building soon became one continuous fabric of blazing fire.

Far and near, the forest glowed in the high and flaring light. Fragments of rafters fell scattered in all directions from the roof; the light fences caught the flame, which literally seemed to "run along upon the ground," till they reached the barns and outbuildings, that in a few seconds added their wooden and easily-ignited materials to the spreading conflagration.

Clio meanwhile had performed the duty required of her with that eager sort of efficient activity which the heart only can inspire. The trembling women followed each other with the feverish haste of terror up the stairs leading to the ware-room—all but Lucy Bligh. She watched her brother's eye, and fancied that she saw in it a wild wish of escaping from the oppressive safety of this enforced retreat.

"I will not mount, Edward!" she said; "I will not put my foot upon the stair till I see you walk before me."

For an instant only he hesitated, and then obeyed the command, which even in that terrible moment he felt proceeded from a purpose more fixed and settled than his own.

The wide chamber, half filled with lumbering cases, some still unpacked, and others emptied of their various contents, afforded as favorable an opportunity for concealment as it is well possible to imagine; and it required no great ingenuity for the whole party so to have disposed themselves as to leave no trace of their presence there, to any one who might accidentally enter.

"The shorter I bide the better," said the good Clio, retreating. "Keep quiet, dears, and you'll be safe enough, I'll answer for it; but don't look out of the windows that side, 'cause it looks t'wards the Eagle. That big door at the end is t'wards your place, Lotte, dear, and there's nothing to see you here, if you've a mind to peep; but don't open it only a bit, you know."

She descended the stairs as she spoke, and they heard her lock and double-lock the door at the foot of them.

For the first few minutes that followed their imprisonment, the women gazed in each other's faces in a manner that seemed to say,

"Look I as pale as you?"

but not a word was spoken, nor a movement made. By degrees, however, the statues seemed gradually returning to life—Edward looking by far the most wretched of the party.

In another moment Lotte was employing herself in arranging a seat at once comfortable and concealed from view; and when it was completed, she took her mother's hand and silently led her to it.

Poor Mary, however, who was in no state of mind to be comfortable, shook her head as if to refuse it,—but she looked in Lotte's face and yielded.

Lotte herself then crept to the side of Lucy, and throwing her arms round her, buried her face in her bosom to hide the tears that would flow. The miserable Edward withdrew himself to a distant part of the wide loft, and placed himself in such a position, that his face was unseen by any.

Phebe was the only one of the party who availed herself of Clio's hint, that she might, without danger, reconnoitre the space that lay between Mount Etna and Reichland, by cautiously unclosing the wooden shutter which secured,—not a window, for there was no glass in it—but a sort of door-way, that opened in that direction, and which was occasionally used for hoisting goods too bulky to be carried up the stairs.

After yielding for a few moments to a weakness which both felt to be wrong, the two girls approached Mary, and sitting down on the floor beside her, rested their heads upon their knees. She threw an arm round each, and softly whispered the consoling observation that no sounds were heard approaching.

At this moment Phebe, who had continued peeping through an aperture of half an inch wide, which was all she would venture to open, suddenly uttered a fearful shriek, and then exclaimed, "Oh, God! have mercy on us!—all the whole world's on fire!" She clasped her hands as she spoke, and the heavy shutter fell back flat against the wall, making the whole loft glow with the reflection of the blaze that burst from every window at Reichland.

The terror of being discovered, which a moment before had made them fearful of whispering to each other, yielded before the sudden panic of this frightful spectacle, and Mary and the two girls uttered a fearful cry. Edward rushed to the opening and gazed at the sight with a species of misery that was all his own—no human being could conceive or share it.

The dreadful idea occurred to Lotte, that the mob had seized upon the gentlemen, and having secured them in the house, had taken this dreadful means to destroy them. With a countenance that spoke with sufficient plainness the agony she felt, she wrung her hands, exclaiming in a voice of piercing anguish, "Oh, father! father!—Sigismond!—Brothers!—All perishing!"

Edward gazed at her working features. For one wild moment he fixed his eyes immovably upon her face, then rushed to the open door-way, and sprung through it to the ground.

Lucy saw, or rather felt what his purpose was the moment he moved, and threw herself forward to cross his path; but she was too late, and Phebe seeing her still moving onward, and thinking she would precipitate herself after him, seized the shutter, and with great presence of mind closed it; then pacing her back against it, she said, "You shall kill me first, Miss Lucy."

No voice was heard in that first moment of horror; all believed that he must have perished by the fall. It was Lucy who first found power to speak: but the voice was not her own, it sounded hollow and unnatural—"Look out!—Phebe!—look out!—look down upon the earth, and tell me if he is there."

Phebe no longer feared for any desperate act on the part of Lucy that might hazard her life; she feared only for her reason; and without uttering a word of caution or delay which might irritate her, she hastened to obey her, again threw open the shutter, and, sick and shuddering, gave a glance below.

"Thanks be to God, he has escaped, Miss Lucy! It is not so high, my dearest mistress, as we thought it was;—sit down again and wait—for wait we must—he is but gone to find out news for us."

The relief of knowing that Edward had not perished by his desperate leap was certainly great: they all felt it, and for a moment they were cheered by it: but the next, all the agony of terror came back upon them.—Where was he gone?—How would he conceal himself from his desperate enemies?—Why was that fire burning so fiercely?—Who might have perished there?

Such were the questions which each asked the other, but there were none to answer. At last Phebe said, "Why should I be shut up here for? Slaves are never murdered in this way—for whoever kills a slave is obliged to pay money for it.—They won't kill me, Miss Lucy; I do not fear them—I do not fear even for Cæsar; but I fear for you—I fear for you all, kind and good!—if you stay much longer here without knowing news of those you love, it will kill or drive you mad. I must get out, mistress," continued the determined girl, addressing Mary: "if you will help me with your hands, I can do it in safety."

"And what do you propose to do, Phebe, when you are out?" said her mistress.

"I must do as the time bids me," replied Phebe; "but I can go and come—I know I can—and I can bring you tidings before you die for the want of them."

They all felt that she was right, and that if indeed she could descend with safety to the ground, there was little doubt but that she would be able with little risk to relieve them at her return, from their intolerable uncertainty respecting the fate of their friends.

"Do you see this roll of domestic?" said Phebe, removing as she spoke the cord that bound fifty yards of stout, cotton cloth into a tight roll. "If among you, my dear mistresses, you can but manage to hold or to fasten this piece of dry goods firm, so that I might let myself down gently by one end of it, I should be as safe as you are."

The ingenuity of the anxious women soon enabled them to arrange Phebe's contrivance in a manner that seemed to render it very tolerably secure; and the intrepid and active girl contrived, by their assistance, to reach the ground without injury.

The linen was drawn up, and the shutter closed after her, but ever and anon an anxious eye peeped out upon the wood. The trees, however, prevented much of the interval between the two farms from being visible; but they could at least ascertain, from time to time, that no one was approaching. The fire continued to throw up at intervals above the trees large columns of smoke and flame; but the flight of Edward, and the danger he must necessarily be exposed to, superseded at this moment every other terror.

We must leave them in this state of terrible uncertainty to follow Phebe in her search.

CHAPTER LII.

As soon as Phebe found herself safely on her feet her first care was to get into the nearest and thickest part of the wood, that the direction in which she was going might not be traced. She then proceeded as swiftly as the bushes into which she had entered would permit, towards Reichland. The flaming pile might have directed her course, had the pathless thicket she had chosen, been more intricate still; and ere she had proceeded towards it for many minutes, the sound of distant but clamorous voices came upon her ear. For a moment she stood still, for she felt how terrible might be the scene to which she was drawing near. She thought, that if Cæsar could see her thus rashly approaching a multitude of desperate men, he would blame her for it, and say she had not thought of him. But she did think of him; and the hope of learning how it fared with him, was among the many feelings which urged her to undertake this terrible embassy. The uproar appeared so violent as she reached the end of the copse surrounding the lawn, that ere she emerged from it, she held counsel with herself whether some better and safer scheme might not be devised for learning what was going on, and what had become of Cæsar, of the gentlemen, and above all, of Master Edward, than thus exposing herself to the brutal insolence of the multitude whose voices reached her from the other side of the house.

While she stood thus doubtfully, a new outcry—a fresh burst of popular feeling, a wild sound that seemed to partake of triumph and surprise, came shrilly and keenly to her ear.

"They have got him!—they have seized him!—they have seized Master Edward!" cried Phebe, in an agony; and falling on her knees, she prayed aloud—"O God, have mercy on him! Kind and gentle—good and holy man!—O God, have mercy on him!"

More anxious than ever to know all, yet totally incapable of braving the sight that she felt certain would meet her if she did but turn the corner of the building before her, Phebe remained, helpless and sobbing, upon her knees, her head resting against a tree, and all the spirit and courage of her character prostrate and gone. Her senses did not fail her, but a sort of torpor came over them which seemed to blunt her feelings, and though her tears flowed fast, she at last hardly knew for what.

In this state Cæsar found her. She started, in terror at the sound of a footstep; and when she raised her eyes to look at him, she had not, at the first glance, the slightest idea who it was.

It is only those who are familiar with the negro countenance, who can understand how a negro can *turn pale;* and sneers have been often produced by the expression among such as know not what it means; but those who do, need not be told that the aspect of the negro, under circumstances which produce this bloodless effect, is ghastly in the extreme.

Such was the aspect of Cæsar, as his countenance met the eye of Phebe; and he trembled so exceedingly as to be perfectly incapable of speaking.

"Cæsar!" she exclaimed, as she recognised his beloved features—"oh, Cæsar!—is it over? Have they dipped their hands in his blood?"

But Cæsar answered not, and his breast heaved so convulsively, that the poor girl threw her arms around him, saying, "Oh, Cæsar, cry, as I do;—let the tears come, Cæsar, or it will kill you!"

Cæsar did weep, and it relieved the bodily anguish under which he was suffering; but there was that at his heart which not even the influence of Phebe could in that hour assuage or soften.

"Will you not, for my sake, speak at once?" said Phebe, reproachfully.—"Cæsar! have they murdered Edward Bligh?"

Large drops of agony broke out on the forehead of Cæsar,—he groaned, and beat his breast, distractedly. "Phebe!" he cried, at length, "I wish it had been another: don't be angry, my poor girl—but with my whole soul I wish it had been me!"

"Oh, my Miss Lucy!" sobbed Phebe, "who is it will tell her of it?—Not I, not I,—no, if I never see her more, I will not stand up before her and tell her they have killed him."

"No one shall tell her of it—no one *can* tell her of it," replied Cæsar; "let her believe or fancy what she will, but no one shall tell her that her dear gentle brother was murdered by the hands of ruffians."

"Cæsar!" said Phebe, shaking from head to foot, "did you see him die?"

"No, I did not!—I turned away and ran, Phebe, to hide my head where I could neither see nor hear him."

* * * * * *

The dreadful scene from which the faithful slave turned sickening away, was one which the historian would gladly shrink from describing; but such things have been, nor could the narration of it be softened or omitted without destroying the fidelity of the "sketch!"

When the unhappy Edward, to escape the intense misery of witnessing Lotte's agonies, sprang in a sort of frenzy from the loft, he reached the ground in safety, and with no fixed purpose, but a sort of vague feeling that his mission was to seek for Steinmark, his sons, and the loved Sigismond, he ran swiftly towards the flames that he saw blazing before him through the trees.

A very few moments brought him before the smoking pile that once had been the happy home of the Steinmarks. The idea that the frightful ruin wrought here was his work, had taken such hold on him, that he became incapable of mixing any other with it, and he stood gazing at the dreadful spectacle, perfectly unconscious that a gang of savage, lawless, hired assassins, who were there only to seek his life, stood within a hundred yards of him.

For a minute or two, he remained there perfectly unnoticed: the object upon which his own eyes were fixed, occupied the eyes of all; and he might have come and viewed the conflagration, and retired again with perfect safety, had such been his will. At last, the eye of some individual in the crowd was caught by the figure of the solitary man, who stood before the flaming trophy as if turned to stone.

"That chap don't seem to admire our work anyhow," said he, touching the arm of his neighbor and pointing to Edward.

"And who is he as dares find fault with it?—I should like to be told that. 'Twill be as well to ask him, I expect. Come along, will ye, and jest let's ask him what's his objection."

The pair immediately walked deliberately up to Edward, and demanded his name.

"My name is Edward Bligh," was the unhesitating reply.

"The devil it is!" roared both the men at once, and, by a common impulse, at the same instant, stretched their murderous hands towards him, and held him fast, till the whole rout rushed in a body toward him, and with savage yells, proclaimed their joy at having found him.

"A fig for the Dutchman and all his race!" roared one among them; "they may go and be d——d!—here's the hero for us."

"The rope! the rope!" halloed another; "toss the effigies into the flames, my lads—here's the real stuff for hanging!"

It was at this dreadful moment that poor Cæsar, who, the better to enact the part of an indifferent spectator, had stood loungingly watching the flames, and leaning against the shaft of the wagon, uttered the wild cry of a madman, and rushed into the wood.

The scene that followed his retreat was soon brought to its horrible conclusion. Some of the wretches present dragged their victim, with most unneedful violence, towards a tree, on which a rope was instantly fixed, amidst shouts and cries of savage jubilee.

As they drew near the fatal spot, the gentle, unresisting martyr raised his eyes to Heaven, and uttered aloud, with fervent faith and hope, "Father and Saviour! receive my soul!" But even as he spoke, a wretch seized on his throat, and sought to stifle the prayer ere it was uttered.

Edward spoke no more; and resigned his spirit, as pure and untainted by the stains of earth, as if he had breathed it back to heaven the hour he received it.

Such was the death his foreboding spirit had frequently predicted, and such the exit that in his gloomier moments he had wished for. And even when it came upon him, in all its actual and unimagined horrors, he probably felt that it only fulfilled a destiny he had no wish to change; for no glance betrayed the slightest feeling of fear, no movement indicated resistance or regret.

Their impious task performed, the savage mob withdrew as rapidly as they had approached; and within ten minutes after the murder was committed, not a straggler remained near the spot.

One living being only watched the whole; and when the solemn stillness of solitude and death succeeded to the din, that for one fatal hour had echoed through the peaceful woods of Reichland, one living being only remained to gaze upon the ruin that had been wrought.

Old Juno, safe in her helpless, worthless decrepitude, had continued, unseen or unheeded by any. When the fire first burst forth from the windows she retreated to a vine-covered shed, which stood at some distance from the house, and which had once been Lotte's dairy, and seated herself on a log beside it. It was near this shed that the fearful deed was consummated, and without moving an inch from the post she had taken, the wretched woman watched the tragedy to its close.

When all was over, and everything profoundly still, Juno remained for some time longer without moving, as if to be quite sure that no straggler of the demon-rout was left behind. And then she rose, and giving one long, steady look at the stiffening corse, while silent vows of vengeance seemed to bind up her heart and brain, like ribs of iron, she followed the direction she had seen Cæsar take into the wood, and almost at the verge of it, and long before she had hoped to meet with him, she came to the spot where he and Phebe were weeping together.

"Is it over, mother?" cried Cæsar, with streaming eyes and trembling lips.—"Say—is my dear, dear master in peace?"

"Edward Bligh is in heaven," replied the old woman, solemnly—"as surely as his tormentors will be in ——."

"Oh! speak not, speak not words that our sainted master would not like to hear," said Phebe, shuddering. "May God have mercy on all sinful souls! It was thus he taught me to pray, Juno; and as he taught me, so will I pray to my dying day!"

Juno answered not, but turning to Cæsar, said, "For the dead we can do nothing;—for the unhappy living—for that poor, young thing that loved him so,—his poor, orphan sister ——"

The old woman stopped, for her voice failed her. "I did not think," said she, after a moment's silence, "that I should ever shed another tear. And you, poor fellow!—I thought, Cæsar, that sorrow was not in your nature. But listen to me, my good lad: you must not mourn for him in idleness. Have you any knowledge where they may all be found?"

"The women are at old Whitlaw's," answered Cæsar;—and I do not think the rest are far away. My new master said, as he told me to drive the wagon, that he thought they might be concealed within the woods."

"That is good hearing," replied Juno, "for they are wanted here.—Seek for them, Cæsar—they may come back in safety."

Cæsar set off on this commission with a light foot and heavy heart; and then Juno, turning to the weeping Phebe, inquired how, and why she had left her ladies.

The history was soon told, and the poor girl concluded it with a fresh burst of grief, saying, "Juno, Juno, how shall I ever face her?—how shall I live to tell her the horrid, horrid truth?"

"You never can, Phebe,—you never must, you never shall!—Spare her young heart the never-ending horror of knowing how he died. Let her believe that his rash leap destroyed him,—that will be pain enough—yet it will spare her much."

"It *was* that leap destroyed him," cried Phebe, wringing her hands; "and it was I unclosed the door. Oh, God! oh, God! perhaps he had now been living if I had not done that!—Is not that dreadful, Juno?"

"It is idle talking, Phebe,—his life lay not in your silly hands, poor child. Comfort his sister, Phebe;—be loving and faithful to her all your life, and never, never let her know that the poor, sainted boy was murdered."

Phebe promised, with her very heart upon her lips, to obey these words; and then they whiled away two weary hours of waiting, in talking of the motives that had sent forth the desperate band, who had brought destruction and murder to that peaceful spot.

"I know it all!" cried Juno, with her wonted energy,—"I know the main-spring that has moved it all; and if I find not means——" Then, stopping short, she burst into a strange, discordant laugh, that sounded frightfully to Phebe's ears.

"You know not why I laugh, Phebe?—Then I must tell you. He has burnt out himself!—Whitlaw—the dastard murderer, Whitlaw, who kills some by insult, and some by the help of hired assassins,—he knew not, Phebe, that the German's house and goods made part of his new wealth—and he burnt it."

The welcome sound of Frederic Steinmark's voice made Phebe turn her head; and at the distance of a hundred yards, those they so anxiously waited for were seen approaching.

From the National Intelligencer.

MUSIC OF THE HAMMER.

The sprightly and clever New Orleans paper called the *Crescent City*, has an article on sounds, from which we extract the annexed paragraph. It evinces good sense and good feeling, as well as philosophical observation. After enumerating all the sounds, natural and artificial, which are apt to greet a man's ears in this world, the writer proceeds:

"But, after all, were we to seek out one only sound in the whole world, as a representative of expression, of life, business, health, vigor, and improvement, we should certainly name the 'sound of the hammer.' What is there on earth more cheering? It is the very note of preparation for business, and gives a thrill, peculiar to itself, to all which lies inert around it.

"What brings the morning so fresh and vivid to the mind of the sluggard, as the hammer which sounds from neighboring roofs? It is the veriest reproach that an indolent man can have, and speaks straight to the heart in those quick, manly, sudden tones, which only the sincerest friendship employs. And then how much is in that sound beside! What a range can fancy take when such a sound comes forth! There is the workman on the roof of a new building, or in the shop of the mechanic, or the store of the merchant. It is the hammer of the carpenter, the blacksmith, the tinman, the cordwainer, the jeweller, or the worker in marble—all industrious, all busy, all well to do. The 'sound of the hammer' is a note which forewarns the world of the whereabouts of the hard-working man. About it there is no concealment. The man he owes hears it, and waits contented—who owes him listens, and straightway goes to his daily labor. There is a spirit in the sound of a hammer which affects more or less nearly all the world. Some people go through life without noting one sound from another, in the multitude of noises around them, but we will answer for the sound of a hammer, that no one ever heard that without being conscious of an impression. either positively pleasant or certainly painful. Mechanics should stick to their hammers, for they are sentinels of industry and bestowers of praise."

SINGULAR INGENUITY AND SKILL.

As an illustration of the nicety and skill displayed in some of the articles made by Boulton, the following anecdote is related: He visited France on a certain occasion, for the purpose of attending a Mechanics' Fair that was to take place, at which he begged to be allowed to exhibit a needle of his own making, at the same time submitting it to examiners of works, intended for this public display; who, on hand all, pronounced it to be, though well-shaped and finely-polished, but a "*common needle*," and not worthy of appearing among the splendid and ingenious improvements and inventions that usually graced the Fair. "Gentlemen," observed Mr. Boulton, 'my needle is well worthy of appearance among your promised novelties; only allow it to be exhibited with them now, and I will afterwards show you the reason why." An unwilling assent to this request was finally obtained, but when the Fair closed and the prizes were to be awarded, the arbitrator triumphantly asked, "where was Mr. Boulton's needle? and what were the striking merits which every one failed to discover?"

Thereupon, Mr. Boulton again presented it for their inspection, with a magnifying glass, begging them to state whether they observed roughness or wrinkle on its surface. The umpires returned it, saying, "Far from it; its sole merit seems to lie in its exquisite polish." "Behold, then," said the ingenious man, "its indiscoverable merit, and while I prove to you that I have made no vain boast of it, I claims to your attention, you will learn perhaps, not to judge so readily again by mere exterior." He then unscrewed the needle, when another appeared of exquisite workmanship; and to the astonished eyes of the Frenchmen, about half a dozen beautiful needles were thus turned out, neatly and curiously packed within each other! a miracle of art that seems to rival all we ever read of—a truly "*multum in parvo.*" Mr. Boulton triumphed in his turn, and carried off the prize which his delicate workmanship so richly deserved.

From the National Intelligencer.

GREENOUGH'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

In one of our recent foreign journals we find the following incidental notice of this colossal statue.—It is from the pen of a continental tourist, whose communications in the journal are under the title of Modern Arts and Artists in Italy, being a portion of continental fragments. The safe arrival of the statue must make this notice, though very brief, acceptable.

"I had heard much, so much of Greenough's colossal statue of Washington, that I thought it utterly impossible that it could produce an effect upon me proportioned to the praises I had heard bestowed upon it, especially as I remembered the almost disgust with which I had looked at Thorwaldsen's modern statue—that is, the moderuly dressed statue of Lord Byron; and, to say the least of it, Washington, particularly when magnified, was a more unpoetical, therefore a more difficult subject. But the manner in which Greenough has executed his almost impossible task, is only another proof that genius can infuse a magic into the commonest and most commonplace things, just as a man was, a mass of inanimate clay, 'of the earth earthy,' till God breathed immortality into him and so formed him after his own image. Nothing can be more human, and at the same time more godlike, than this colossal statue of Washington. It is a sort of domestic Jupiter—the sublime repose and simplicity of the whole figure, united, as it is, with exceeding energy of expression, so perfectly classical, without the slightest *abstract imagination*—for the artist seems to have embodied Seneca's admirable advice as to style, *similem esse te velo, quomodo filium, non quomodo imaginem*, as there is no mistaking the pure lineage of this statue. Being intended to fill the central position in the Capitol of the United States, he has addressed his statue of Washington to a distant posterity, and made it rather a poetical abstract of his whole career, than the chronicler of any one deed or any one leading feature of his life. He is, therefore, seated as First Magistrate, and extends with his left hand a sword, the emblem of his military command, towards the people, as the sovereign; he points heavenward with his right hand. By this double gesture is conveyed the idea of an entire abrogation of self, and making the patriot a conductor, as it were, between God and man.

The chair in which he is seated, being too large to be left mute, tells also its history. The superior part is richly ornamented with acanthus and garlands of flowers, while the base is solid, simple, and massive; which plainly indicates that high cultivation is the proper result of sound government, and that nations, when well planted and well tilled, must flourish as well as grow. By the figure of Columbus, which leans against the back of the chair on the left side, is connected the history of America with that of Europe; while that of the Indian chief on the right is emblematic of the state America was in when civilization first dawned upon it. The bas-relief on the right side of the chair, which was the first crest of the American national arms, is the rising sun, under which is inscribed *Magnus ab integra saeclorum nascitur ordo.* The relievo on the left side represents the genii of North and South America, under the forms of the infants Hercules and Iphiclus, the latter shrinking in dread, whilst the former struggles successfully with the obstacles and danger of an incipient political existence. The motto for the bas relief is, *Incipe posse puer cui non risere parentes.* In this statue, Greenough has achieved a glorious work, and one that cannot fail to reach its destination; namely, the distant posterity to which it is addressed. Though he modestly says, that like the modern Italian artists, he fears he should have contented himself with the sleepy and indifferent toil of the studio, had not the confidence of his countrymen—who are unrivalled in hoping great things, and truly in this instance their hope will be verified—called him to the execution of a monument which awoke every stronger and better feeling of his nature. Having triumphantly passed the most critical and unsparing of all ordeals, that of a people "whose sympathy for art is nearly exhausted, while their connoiseurship is in full vigor," he says he is not the less anxious for its fate in his own country; for that here it has been like an opera, of which they do not understand or feel the words; and there it will be the words that will be thoroughly examined, for of the music they have less knowledge. If this be true, so much the better for him; for he may depend upon its speaking a most stirring language to every heart in his 'fatherland.' Greenough is equally successful in busts, and his statues of children are perfect gems."

FOUR STEPS THAT LEAD TO PEACE.

I.

Constantly endeavor to do the will of another, rather than thy own.

II.

Constantly choose rather to want less, than to have more.

III.

Constantly choose the lowest place, and be humble to all.

IV.

Constantly desire and pray that the will of God may be perfectly accomplished in thee, and concerning thee.

Verily, I say unto thee, he that doeth this, enters into the region of rest and peace.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

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